

AN  
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY

FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

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The Poet cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and  
old men from the chimney corner. *Sir Philip Spens.*

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## PREFACE.

THIS, the fourth edition of this *Anthology*, but the first published in England, is a reprint of the third, stopping short, however, at the death of Wordsworth or the commencement of the Laureateship of Tennyson, in 1850. This limit has been found necessary now, not only on account of the difficulty of inserting copyright poems, but of the still greater difficulty of adequately representing the verse of the present half century, especially that of living poets, in a single section, or, indeed, at all, in an *Anthology* such as this.

J. B.

SALEM, MADRAS,  
15th September, 1893.





## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

SOME words of apology may seem necessary for adding another to the many 'Selections from the Poets,' 'Garlands,' 'Gems,' 'Treasures,' 'Specimens,' and 'Class-books' which have appeared in recent years.

But, in conception as well as in plan, the present *Anthology* differs from its predecessors. While—for example—Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* includes only Songs and Lyrics, and none from a living author,—neither in it nor in Abp. Trench's *Household Book* is there an extract from any of the long poems of Spenser, of Milton, of Pope, of Cowper, or of Wordsworth,—and the plays of Shakspeare, the poems of Chaucer, of Addison and of Goldsmith are unrepresented; and in Archdeacon Farrar's *With the Poets* the selections from the same author are all grouped together, and more thought would seem to have been given to the *dulce* than to the *utile*,—prettiness of effect being seemingly the chief care of editor and publishers.

Again, selections having for some years past been made from the *Golden Treasury* for the examinations of the University of Madras, it has occurred to me that by a member of the University itself such a compilation might be made as would more fully meet the requirements of its undergraduates, both as regards matter and arrangement.

In this *Anthology* the selections are so distributed that one or more sections of different books might be taken as

part of a course of study. While, however, I had the student mainly in view, no section of the book is narrowed down to his needs only, and the whole will, I trust, be found worthy of a wider welcome.

For the absence of one great name I may be allowed to quote from Palgrave's *Children's Treasury* his 'regretting the refusal by which the present publisher of Mr. Alfred Tennyson's poems has deprived this book of a few brilliant pages, and its readers of an introduction to the writings of our greatest living poet,'—seeing that Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the then publishers of the *Treasury*, have now, as publishers of Lord Tennyson's works, accorded to me a similar refusal.

J. B.

MADRAS,  
22nd March, 1885.

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE chief change in this edition is that each poem or extract is placed in its exact chronological position, or as nearly so as possible. Lovers of our Poetical Literature will, I think, appreciate the arrangement by which they will be able to see what poems appeared in a certain decade or period, and also the year in which some favourite piece was written or first published.

This has been no easy task; for not only has no previous collector attempted any classification as to time, except by centuries, but even in the works of some of the poets the date of the publication of each is not given. The less known poets and the authors of 'fugitive' verse are in a state of still greater obscurity; for example—

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Abp. Trench could tell us nothing of Doubleday; and of John Collins, author of *In the Downhill of Life*, Mr. Palgrave writes—‘nothing except his surname appears recoverable with regard to the author of this truly noble poem’. For the particulars I have given regarding them I am indebted to the editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*; and from similar sources I have obtained information as to other authors and their works not to be found, I believe, in any other work such as this.

For obvious reasons the Section from 1837 to 1887 does not fully or fairly represent the poets of the present day, most of whom are still alive;—to those, however, who have permitted me to insert their verses or extracts from them, I desire to express my great obligations.

J. B.

SALEM, MADRAS,  
1st December, 1887.

‘It is an awful truth, that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world —among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one; because *to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.*

‘Upon this I shall insist elsewhere; at present let me confine myself to my object, which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception. Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? *to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves.*

—Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont, 1807.

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AN  
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

BOOK I.

CHAUCER TO SHAKSPERE.

SECTION I. (1385-1590)

I.

THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN—PROLOGUE.

The poet loves books, but loves the daisy more.

AND as for me, though than I kon but lyte,  
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,  
And to hem yive I feyth and ful credence,  
And in myn herte have hem in reverence  
So hertely, that ther is gamē noon  
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,  
But yt be seldom on the holy day,  
Save, certeynly, when that the moneth of May  
Is comen, and that I here the foulēs synge,  
And that the flourēs gynnen for to sprynge,  
Farewel my boke, and my devocioun!

Now have I than suche a condicioun,  
That of alle the flourēs in the mede,  
Ȇhan love I most thise floures white and rede,

Suche as men callen daysyes in her toun.  
To hem have I so great affeccoun,  
As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,  
That, in my bed ther daweth me no day,  
That I nam up and walkyng in the mede,  
To seen this floure ayein the sonnè sprede,  
Whan it up ryseth erly by the morwe;  
That blisful sight softeneth al my sorwe,  
So glad am I, whan that I have presence  
Of it, to doon it alle reverence,  
As she that is of allè floures flour,  
Fulfillèd of al vertue and honour,  
And ever ilike faire, and fressh of hewe.  
And I love it, and ever ylike newe,  
And ever shal, til that myn hertè dye;  
Al swere I nat of this I wol nat lye,  
Ther lovedè no wight hotter in his lyve.  
And, whan that hit ys eve, I rennè blyve,  
As sone as ever the sonne gynneth weste,  
To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste,  
For fere of nyght, so hateth she derknesse!  
Hire chere is pleynty sprad in the brightnesse  
Of the sonnè, for ther yt wol uncloze.  
Allas, that I ne had Englyssh, ryme, or prose,  
Suffisant this flour to preyse aryght!  
But helpeth, ye that han konnyng and myght,  
Ye lovers, that kan make of sentement;  
In this case oghten ye be diligent,  
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,  
Whether ye ben with the leef or with the flour,  
For wel I wot, that ye han herbiforn  
Of makynge ropen, and lad away the corn;  
And I come after, glenyng here and there,  
And am ful glad yf I may fynde an ere

Of any goodly word that ye han left.  
 And thogh it happen me rehercen eft  
 That ye han in your fresshe songës sayd,  
 Forbereth me, and beth not evil apayd,  
 Syn that ye see I do yt in the honour  
 Of love, and eke in service of the flour,  
 Whom that I serve as I have wit or myght.  
 She is the clerenesse and the verray lyght,  
 That in this derkë worlde me wynt and ledyth,  
 The hert in-with my sorwful brest yow dredith,  
 And loveth so sore, that ye ben verrayly  
 The maistresse of my wit, and nothing I.  
 My word, my werkes, ys knyt so in your bond  
 That, as an harpe obeieth to the hond  
 That maketh it soun after his fyngerynge,  
 Ryght so mowe ye oute of myn herte bringe  
 Swich vois, ryght as yow lyst, to laugh or pleyne ;  
 Be ye myn gide, and lady sovereyne  
 As to my erthely God, to yow I calle,  
 Bothe in this werke, and in my sorwes alle. . . .

He falls asleep, and dreams that he sees the God of Love  
 leading in Queen Alcestis, clad like the daisy.

Whan that the sonne out of the south gan weste,  
 And that this flour gan close, and goon to reste,  
 For derknesse of the nyght, the which she dredde,  
 Home to myn house ful swiftly I me spedde  
 To goon to reste, and erly for to ryse,  
 To seen this flour sprede, as I devyse.  
 And in a litel herber that I have,  
 That benched was on turves fresshe ygrave,  
 I bad men sholdé me my couché make ;  
 For deyntee of the newë someres sake,  
 I bad hem strawen flourës on my bed.  
 Whan I was leyd, and had myn eyen hed,

I fel on slepe, in-with an houre or twoo,  
Me mette how I lay in the medewe thoo,  
To seen this flour that I love so and drede ;  
And from a-fer come walkyng in the mede  
The God of Love, and in his hande a quene,  
And she was clad in real habit grene,  
A fret of gold she hadde next her heer,  
And upon that a whit coroune she beer,  
With flourouns smale, and that I shal nat lye,  
For al the world ryght as a dayesye  
Ycorouned ys with whitè levès lyte,  
So were the flowrouns of hire coroune white ;  
For of oo perlè, fyne, oriental,  
Hire whitè corounè was imaked al,  
For which the whitè coroune above the grene  
Made hirè lyke a dayesie for to sene,  
Considered eke hir fret of golde above.  
Yclothed was this myghty God of Love  
In silke, embrouded ful of grenè greves,  
In-with a fret of rede rose leves,  
The fresshest syn the world was first begonne.  
His giltè here was coroned with a sonne  
In stede of gold, for hevynesse and wyghte ;  
Therwith me thoght his facè shoon so brighte  
That wel unnethës myghte I him beholde ;  
And in his hand me thoghte I saugh him holde  
Twoo fryr dartës, as the gledës rede,  
And aungelyke hys wyngës saugh I sprede.  
And, al be that men seyn that blynd ys he,  
Algate me thoghte that he myghtè se ;  
For sternely on me he gan byholde,  
So that his loking dooth myn hertè colde.  
And by the hande he held this noble quene,  
Coroned with white, and clothèd al in grene,



So womanly, so bénigne, and so meke,  
 That in this world, thogh that men woldé seke,  
 Half of hire beauté shulde men nat fynde  
 In créature that formed ys by kynde.  
 And therefore may I seyn, as thynketh me,  
 'This song in preysyng of this lady fre. —*Chaucer.*

## II.

## THE CANTERBURY TALES—FROM THE PROLOGUE.\*

WHAN that Aprillé with his schowres swoote  
 The drought of Marche had perced to the roote,  
 And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
 Of which vertue engendred is the flour,  
 Whan Zephirus eek with his swetè breethe  
 Enspired hath in every holte and heethe  
 The tendre croppës, and the yonge sonne  
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours 1-ronne,  
 And smale fowles maken melodic,  
 That slopen al the night with open eye,  
 So priketh hem nature in her corages :—  
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,  
 And palmers for to seeken straungé strondes,  
 To ferne halwes, kouthe in sondry londes :  
 And specially, from every schirës ende  
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
 The holy blisful martir for to seeke,  
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,  
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
 To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,  
 At night was come into that hostelrye  
 Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,

---

\* Lines 1 to 42 out of 860.

Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle  
 In felaweschipe, and pilgryms were they alle,  
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;  
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,  
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.  
 And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,  
 So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,  
 That I was of here felaweschipe anon,  
 And made forward erly to a ryse,  
 To take our wey ther as I yow devyse.  
 But nathêles, whil I have tyme and space,  
 Or that I forther in this talê pace,  
 Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,  
 To tellê yow al the condicioun  
 Of eche of hem, so as it semede me,  
 And whiche they weren, and of what degre;  
 And eek in what array that they were inne;  
 And at a knight than wol I first bygynne -- *Chaucer.*

## III.

## THE KNIGHT AND THE SQUIRE.\*

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,  
 That from the tyme that he first bigan  
 To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,  
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye  
 Ful worthy was he in his lordês werre,  
 And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,  
 As wel in Christendom as in hethenesse,  
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse.  
 At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne,  
 Ful oftê tyme he hadde the bord bygonne  
 Aboven allê naciouns in Puce.  
 In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,

---

\* Lines 43 to 100 of the *Prologue*.

No Cristen man so ofte of his degre.  
In Gernade atte siege hadde he be  
Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.  
At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,  
Whan they were wonne; and in the Greetè see  
At many a noble arive hadde he be.  
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,  
And foughten for our feith at Tramassene  
In lystes thriés, and ay slayn his foo.  
This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also  
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,  
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye;  
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.  
And though that he was worthy, he was wys,  
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde  
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.  
He was a verray perfight gentil knight.  
But for to tellen you of his array,  
His hors was good, but he ne was nought gay.  
Of fustyan he werede a gepoun  
Al bysmotered with his habergeoun.  
For he was late ycome from his viage,  
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a young SQUYER,  
A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,  
With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.  
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.  
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,  
And wonderly delyver, and gret of strengthe.  
And he hadde ben sometyme in chivachye,  
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,  
And born him wel, as of so litel space,  
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.

Embrowded was he, as it were a mede  
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.  
Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;  
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.  
Schort was his gowne, with sleevés longe and wyde.  
Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.  
He cowde songes make and wel endite,  
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.  
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale  
He sleep no more than doth a nightyngale.  
Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,  
And carf byforn his fader at the table. —Chaucer.

## IV.

## THE PARSON.\*

A GOOD man was ther of religioun,  
And was a poure PERSON of a toun;  
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,  
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;  
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.  
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
And in adversité ful pacient;  
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.  
Ful loth were him to curse for his thythes.  
But rather wolde he yeven, out of dowte,  
Unto his poure parisschens aboute,  
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.  
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.  
Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,  
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,  
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite  
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,

---

\* Lines 479 to 530 of the *Prologue*.

Upon his feet, and in his hond a staf.  
This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,  
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,  
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,  
And this figure he addede eek therto,  
That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo ?  
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,  
No wonder is a lewēd man to ruste ;  
And schame it is, if that a prest tak keep,  
A filthy schepherde and a clene scheep ;  
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to yive,  
By his clenness, how that his scheep schulde lyve.  
He sette not his benefice to hyre,  
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,  
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,  
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,  
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde ;  
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,  
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye ;  
He was a schepherd and no mercenarie.  
And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
He was to sinful man nought despitous,  
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,  
But in his teching discret and benigne.  
To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse ;  
By good ensample, this was his busynesse ;  
But it were eny persone obstinat,  
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,  
Him wolde he snybbe scharply for the nonēs.  
A better preest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.  
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,  
Ne makede him a spiced conscience,  
But Cristēs lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.—*Chaucer,*

## V.

FROM *PATIENT GRISSEL*.<sup>4</sup>

THIS story is said, not for that wives shuld  
Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,  
For it were importable, tho they wold ;  
But for that every wight in his degrec  
Shulde be constant in adversitee,  
As was Grisilde, therefore Petrark writeth  
This storie, which with high stile he enditeth.

For sith a woman was so patient  
Unto a mortal man, wel more we ought  
Receiven all in gree that God us sent.  
For gret skill is he preve that he wrought  
But he ne tempteth no man that he bought  
As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistell rede ;  
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede ;

And suffreth us, as for our exercise,  
With sharpe scourges of adversitee  
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise ;  
Not for to know our will, for certes he  
Or we were borne, knew all our freeletec ;  
And for our best is all his governance ;  
Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.

But o word, lordings, herkeneth, or I go ;  
It were ful hard to finden now adayes  
In all a town Grisildes three or two ;  
For if that they were put to swiche assayes,  
The gold of hem hath now so bad alayes  
With bras, that though the coine be faire at eye,  
It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.

---

The last eleven stanzas of the *Clerk's Tale* out of 166,

For which here, for the wives love of Bathe,  
Whos lif and al hire secte God maintene  
In high maistrie, and elles were it scathe,  
I wol with lusty herte fresshe and grene,  
Say you a song to gladen you, I wene ;  
And let us stint of earnestful matere.  
Herkneth my song, that saith in this manere.

Grisilde is ded, and eke hire patience,  
And both at ones buried in Itaille ;  
For which I crie in open audience,  
No wedded man so hardly be to assaille  
His wives patience, in trust to find  
Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille

O noble wives, ful of high prudence,  
Let non humilitee your tonges naile ;  
Ne let no clerk have cause or diligence  
To write of you a storie of swiche mervaille,  
As of Grisildis patient and kinde,  
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in hire entraille.

Folweth ecco, that holdeth no silence,  
But ever answereth at the countretaille ;  
Beth not bedaffed for your innocence,  
But sharply taketh on you the governaille ;  
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your minde,  
For comun profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewives, stondeth ay at defence,  
Sin ye be strong, as is a gret camaille,  
Ne suffreth not, that men do you offence.  
And sclendre wives, feble as in bataille,  
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde ;  
Ay clappeth as a mill, I you counsaile.

Ne drode hem not, doth hem no reverence,  
 For though thin hushond armed be in maille,  
 The arwes of thy crabbèd cloquence  
 Shal perce his brest, and eke his aventaille;  
 In jalousie I rede eke thou him binde,  
 And thou shalt make him couche as doth a quaille.

If thou be faire, ther folk been in presence  
 Shew thou thy visage, and thin apparaille;  
 If thou be foule, be free of thy dispence,  
 To get thee frendes ay do thy travaille.  
 Be aye of chere as light as lefe on linde,  
 And let him care, and wepe, and wringe, and waille.  
—Chaucer.

## VI.

## GOOD COUNSEL.\*

FLE fro the pres, and dwelle with sothfastnesse;  
 Suffice thee thy good, though hit be smal;  
 For hord hath hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse,  
 Pres hath envye, and wele blent over al.  
 Savour no more then thec behove shal;  
 Do wel thy-self that other folk canst rede,  
 And trouthe thee shal delyver, hit ys no drede.

Peyné thee not eche croked to redresse  
 In trust of hir that turneth as a bal,  
 Gret restè stant in lytil besynesse;  
 Bewar also to spurne ayein a nal,  
 Stryve not as doth a crokkè with a wal;  
 Dauntè thy-selfe that deemest otheres dode,  
 And trouthe thee shal delyver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent receyve in buxumnesse,  
 The wrasteling of this world asketh a fal;

---

\* Said to have been written by Chaucer on his death-bed,



Heer is no home, heer is but wyldernesse.  
Forth pilgrime, forth ! forth best, out of thy stal !  
Loke up on hye, and thanke God of al ;  
Weyve thy lust, and let thy gost thee lede,  
And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.

## VII.

INTRODUCTION TO *THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF*.\*

WHEN that Phoebus his chair of gold so high  
Had whirled up the starry sky aloft,  
And in the Bull was entered certainly ;  
When showers sweet of rain descended soft,  
Causing the ground, fele times and oft,  
Up for to give many an wholesome air,  
And every plaine was yclothed fair  
With newe green, and maketh smalle flowers  
To springen, here and there, in field and mead ;  
So very good and wholesome be the showers,  
That they renewen that was old and dead  
In winter time ; and out of every seed  
Springeth the herbe, so that every wight  
Of this seasòn waxeth right glad and light.  
And so I, glade of the season sweet  
Was happd thus ; upon a certain night,  
As I lay in my bed, sleep full unmeet  
Was unto me ; but why that I ne might  
Rest, I ne wist ; for there n' 'as earthly wight,  
As I suppose, had more of hertis ease  
Than I, for I n' 'ad sickness nor disease.  
Wherefore I marvelled greatly of myself  
That I so long withouten sleepe lay,

---

\* Out of eighty-five stanzas. *The Flower and the Leaf*, usually attributed to Chaucer, was written by a lady about 1450.

And up I rose three houres after twelve,  
About the springing of the gladsome day.  
And on I put my gear and mine array,  
And to a pleasant grove I gan to pass,  
Long or the bright sun uprisen was ;

In which were oakes great, straight as a line,  
Under the which the grass so fresh of hue  
Was newly sprung, and an eight foot or nine  
Every tree well from his fellow grew,  
With branches broad, laden with leaves new,  
That springen out agen the sonne sheen,  
Some very red, and some a glad light green.

Which, as me thought, was a right pleasant sight ;  
And eke the burdís songís for to hear,  
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight,  
And I, that couthe not yet in no manere  
Hearen the nightingale of all the year,  
Full busily hearkened with heart and ear  
If I her voice perceive could anywhere.

And at the last a path of little brede  
I found, that greatly had not used be  
For it forgrowen was with grass and wced,  
That well unneath a wighte might it see.  
Thought I, this path some whider go'th parde !  
And so I followed till it me brought  
To a right pleasant herbir well ywrought ;

That benched was, and with turves new  
Freshly turved, whereof the greene grass  
So small, so thick, so soft, so fresh of hue,  
That most like to green wool, wot I, it was ;  
The hedge also that yeden in compass,  
And closed in alle the green herbere  
With sycamore was set and eglátère.

Within, in fere so well and cunningly,  
That every branch and leaf grew by measure  
Plain as a board, of an height by and by ;  
I see never a thing, I you ensure,  
So well ydone ; for he that took the cure  
It for to make, I trow, did all his pain,  
To make it pass all tho that men have seen.

And I that all this pleasant sight see,  
Thought sodainly I felt so swete an air  
Of the eglantere, that, certainly,  
There is no hert, I deme, in such despair,  
Ne yet with thoughts froward and contraire  
So overlaid, but it should sone have bote,  
If it had ones felt this savour note.

—*Anon.*

VIII.

FROM SURREY'S TRANSLATION OF THE *ÆNEID*.\*

THEY whisted all, with fixèd face attent,  
When prince Æneas from the royal seat  
Thus gan to speak. O Queen ! it is thy will  
I should renew a woe cannot be told ;  
How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow  
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy ;  
Those ruthful things that I myself beheld ;  
And whereof no small part fell to my share.  
Which to express, who could refrain from tears ?  
What Myrmidon ? or yet what Dolopes ?  
What stern Ulysses' waged soldier ?  
And lo ! moist night now from the welkin falls ;  
And stars declining counsel us to rest.  
But since so great is thy delight to hear  
Of our mishaps, and Troyè's last decay ;

---

\* The first specimen of blank verse in the language.

Though to record the same my mind abhors,  
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

The Greeks' chieftains all irked with the war  
Wherein they wasted had so many years,  
And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,  
A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,  
By the divine science of Minerva;  
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs;  
For their return a feignèd sacrifice;  
The fame whereof so wandered it at point.  
In the dark bulk they closed bodies of men  
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth  
The hollow womb with armèd soldiers.

There stands in sight an isle, hight Tenedon,  
Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood,  
Now but a bay, and road, unsure for ships.  
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,  
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.  
And, weening we they had been fled and gone,  
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,  
Troy discharged her long continued dole.  
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,  
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,  
The places void, and the forsaken coasts.  
Here Pyrrhus' band; their fierce Achilles pight;  
Here rode their ships; there did their battles join.  
Astonied some the scatheful gift beheld,  
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerva;  
All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.

The first of all Timœtes gan advise  
Within the walls to lead and draw the same;  
And place it eke amid the palace court;  
Whether of guile, or Troyè's fate it would,  
Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,

Willed it to drown ; or underset with flame  
The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit ;  
Or bore and gage the hollow caves uncouth.  
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.

Lo ! foremost of a rout that followed him,  
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,  
Crying far off : ' O wretched citizens !  
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you ?  
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone ?  
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose  
Devoid of guile ? Is so Ulysses known ?  
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid ;  
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,  
To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.  
Here lurks some craft. Good Trojans ! give no trust  
Unto this horse ; for, whatsoever it be,  
I dread the Greeks ; yea ! when they offer gifts.'  
And with that word, with all his force a dart  
He lanced then into that crookèd womb ;  
Which trembling stuck, and shook within the side ;  
Wherewith the caves gan hollowly resound.  
And, but for Fates, and for our blind forecast,  
The Greeks' device and guile had he descried ;  
Troy yet had stood, and Priam's towers so high.

1540.

—*Surrey.*

## IX.

## FORGET NOT YET.\*

FORGET not yet the tried intent  
Of such a truth as I have meant ;  
My great travail so gladly spent,  
Forget not yet !

---

\* Published, with Surrey's poems, in Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557), the earliest collection of the kind in the language.

Forget not yet when first began  
The weary life ye know, since whan,  
The suit, the service, none tell can ;  
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,  
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
The painful patience in delays,  
Forget not yet !

Forget not ! oh ! forget not this,  
How long ago hath been, and is  
The mind that never meant amiss.  
Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,  
The which so long hath thee so loved,  
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved ;  
Forget not yet ! — *Wyatt*.

## X.

NO AGE CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE,  
AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST,  
IF THEY HAD SKILL TO KNOW IT.

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,  
I saw, within my troubled head a heap of thoughts  
appear.  
And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes,  
That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of  
thought did rise.  
I saw the little boy, and thought how oft that he  
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man  
to be.

The young man eke, that feels his bones with pains  
oppressed,

How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at  
rest.

The rich old man, that sees his end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the  
more.

Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and  
change degree.

And, musing thus, I think the case is very strange,  
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek  
to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my withered skin,  
How it doth show my dented chews, the flesh was  
worn so thin.

And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,  
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say :  
' Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,  
That show, like lines of true belief, that this life doth  
assuage,

Bid thee lay hand and feel them hanging on thy chin.  
The which doth write two ages past, the third now  
coming in.

Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time ;  
And thou, that therein beaten art, the happiest life  
define.'

Whereat I sighed, and said : ' Farewell, my wonted joy,  
Truss up thy pack and trudge from me, to every little  
boy,

And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,  
If, to their time, they reason had to know the truth of  
this'.

—*Surrey*.

## XI.

## SLEEP AND OLD AGE.\*

By him lay heavy Sleep, Cousin of Death,  
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,  
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath,  
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,  
Or whom she lifted up into the throne  
Of high renown, but as a living death,  
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,  
The travail's case, the still night's feere † was he,  
And of our life in earth the better part,  
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see  
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be ;  
Without respect, esteeming equally  
King Croesus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,  
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,  
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where nature him assigned  
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined  
His vital thread, and ended with their knife  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint  
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,  
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,  
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,  
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewast.  
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek !  
And to be young again of Jove beseeke.

---

\* From the *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates* (1563), out of seventy-nine stanzas.

† Companion.



But, and the cruel Fates so fixèd be,  
That time forepast cannot return again,  
This one request of Jove yet prayèd he,  
That in such withered plight, and wretched pain,  
As Eld (accompanied with his loathsome train)  
    Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,  
    He might awhile yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit,  
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,  
With retchless hand in grave doth cover it,  
Thereafter never to enjoy again  
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,  
    In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,  
    As he had ne'er into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood  
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan  
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good  
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,  
He would have mused and marvelled much whereon  
    This wretched age should life desire so fain,  
    And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookbacked he was, toothshaken, and blear-eyed,  
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,  
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,  
His scalp all pilled,\* and he with eld forlore ;  
His withered fist still knocking at Death's door,  
    Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath,  
    For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.  
  —*Sackville.*

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\* *Pilled*, peeled, stripped.

## XII.

## TO THE MOON.\*

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies !  
How silently, and with how wan a face !  
What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries !  
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,  
I read it in thy looks, thy languisht grace,  
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ? — *Sidney*.

## XIII.

## TO SLEEP.\*

COME, Sleep ! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;  
With shield of proof shield me out from the press  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw.  
O make in me those civil wars to cease ;  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,  
A rosy garland and a weary head ;  
And if these things, as being thine in right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see. — *Ib.*

\* Sonnets 31 and 39 in *Astrophel and Stella*, published 1591.

## XIV.

TO THE NIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

O NIGHT, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure, -  
Desire's best mean, harvest of hearts affected,  
The seat of peace, the throne which is erected  
Of human life to be the quiet measure ;  
Be victor still of Phoebus' golden treasure,  
Who hath our sight with too much sight infected ;  
Whose light is cause we have our lives neglected,  
Turning all Nature's course to self displeasure.  
These stately stars in their now shining faces,  
With Sinless sleep, and Silence Wisdom's mother,  
Witness his wrong which by thy help is eased ;  
Thou art, therefore, of these our desert places  
The sure refuge ; by thee and by no other  
My soul is blest, sense joyed, and fortune raised.

—*Sidney.*

## XV.

THE NIGHTINGALE.<sup>†</sup>

THE nightingale, as soon as April bringeth  
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,  
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,  
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making,  
And mournfully bewailing,  
Her throat in tunes expresseseth  
What grief her breast oppresseseth  
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.  
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,  
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness ;  
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;  
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

—*Ib.*

\* In the *Arcadia*, first published 1590. † In the *Arcadia*, ed. 1595.

## XVI.

## A DIRGE.\*

RING out your bells, let mourning shows be spread ;  
For Love is dead ;

    All love is dead, infected  
With plague of deep disdain ;  
    Worth, as naught worth, rejected,  
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.

    From so ungrateful fancy,  
    From such a female frenzy,  
    From them that use men thus,  
    Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep ; do you not hear it said  
That Love is dead ?

    His death-bed, peacock's folly ;  
His winding-sheet is shame ;  
    His will false-seeming wholly ;  
His sole executor, blame.

    From so ungrateful fancy,  
    From such a female frenzy,  
    From them that use men thus,  
    Good Lord, deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,  
For Love is dead ;

    Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth  
My mistress' marble heart ;  
    Which epitaph containeth,  
' Her eyes were once his dart '.

    From so ungrateful fancy,  
    From such a female frenzy,

---

\* Probably written on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Rich with Lady Penelope Devereux, with whom Sidney was in love and to whom he wrote his sonnets in *Astrophel and Stella*.

From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us !  
Alas, I lie ! rage hath this error bred ;  
Love is not dead ;  
Love is not dead, but sleepeth,  
In her unmatched mind,  
Where she his counsel keepeth,  
Till due deserts she find.  
Therefore from so vile fancy,  
To call such wit a frenzy,  
Who Love can temper thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us !

—*Sidney*.

XVII.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.\*

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid ;  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;  
Loses them too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on his cheek (but none knows how) ;  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple on his chin ;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes ;—  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?  
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

—*Lyly*.

---

\* Song of Apelles in *Alexander and Campaspe*.

## XVIII.

## BEAUTY BEYOND EXPRESSION.

If all the pens that ever poets held  
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,  
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,  
And minds, and muses on admired themes;  
If all the heavenly quintessence they still  
From their immortal flowers of poesy,  
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive  
The highest reaches of a human wit;  
If these had made one poem's period,  
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,  
Yet should there hover in their restless heads  
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the best,  
Which into words no virtue can digest.

—Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

## XIX.

## TAMBURLAINE.

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,  
Like his desire, lift upward and divine;  
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,  
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear  
Old Atlas' burden; 'twixt his manly pitch  
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed,  
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art  
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,  
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed  
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,  
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,  
Where honour sits invested royally;  
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,†

---

\* *Tamburlaine the Great, Part I.*, was the first play in blank verse performed in public, and was acted prior to 1587.

† Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 114, 115. Leigh Hunt refers to Beaumont's lines to *Melancholy*, line 13, *infra*.

Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms ;  
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,  
And in their smoothness amity and life ;  
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,  
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,  
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,  
Making it dance with wanton majesty ;  
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,  
Betokening valour and excess of strength ;  
In every part proportioned like the man  
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

—*Marlowe's Tamburlaine.*

XX.

TAMBURLAINE'S CONQUESTS.\*

BUT I perceive my martial strength is spent ;  
In vain I strive and rail against those powers  
That mean t' invest me in a higher throne,  
As much too high for this disdainful earth.  
Give me a map ; then let me see how much  
Is left for me to conquer all the world,  
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.  
Here I began to march towards Persia,  
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,  
And thence unto Bithynia, where I took  
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.  
Then marched I into Egypt and Arabia ;  
And here, not far from Alexandria,  
Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,  
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,  
*I meant to cut a channel to them both,  
That men might quickly sail to India.†*

\* From *Tamburlaine the Great, Part II.*

† An anticipation of the Suez Canal.

From thence to Nubia near Borno-lake,  
And so along the Æthiopian sea,  
Cutting the tropic line of Capricorn.  
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar.  
Then, by the northern part of Africa,  
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence  
To Asia, where I stay against my will ;  
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,  
Backward and forwards near five thousand leagues.  
Look here, my boys ; see, what a world of ground  
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line  
Unto the rising of this earthly globe,  
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,  
Begins the day with our Antipodes !  
And shall I die, and this unconquered ?  
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,  
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,  
More worth than Asia and the world beside ;  
And from th' Antarctic Pole eastward behold  
As much more land, which never was descried,  
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright  
As all the lamps that beautify the sky !  
And shall I die, and this unconquered ?

—*Marlowe's Tamburlaine.*

XXI.

A ROYAL WISH.

GIVE me a look, that, when I bend the brows,  
Pale death may walk in furrows of my face ;  
A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world ;  
An ear to hear what my detractors say :  
A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown ;  
That those that do behold them may become  
As men that stand and gaze against the sun.

—*Ib., The Massacre at Paris.*



## XXII.

## FAUSTUS TO THE APPARITION OF HELEN.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.  
Her lips suck forth my soul ! See where it flies.  
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not Helena.  
I will be Paris, and, for love of thee,  
Instead of Troy shall Wertenberg be sacked ;  
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,  
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest ;  
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,  
And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
Oh ! thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ;  
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,  
When he appeared to hapless Semele ;  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms ;  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

—*Marlowe's Faustus.\**

## XXIII.

## THE DEATH OF FAUSTUS.\*

(*Faustus alone. The clock strikes eleven.*)

*Faustus.* O Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damned perpetually.  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease and midnight never come.  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day : or let this hour be but

---

\* From the quarto of 1616. *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* was first produced on the stage about 1587-88.

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul !  
*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi !*  
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,  
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.  
O, I'll leap to heaven ; who pulls me down ?  
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament !  
One drop of blood will save me. O my Christ !  
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.  
Yet will I call on him. O spare me, Lucifer.  
Where is it now ? 'tis gone ;  
And, see, a threatening arm, an angry brow.  
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven !  
No !  
Then will I headlong run into the earth ;  
Gape, earth. O no, it will not harbour me.  
You stars that reigned at my nativity,  
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist  
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud ;  
That, when you vomit forth into the air,  
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths ;  
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven !  
*(The clock strikes the half-hour.)*  
O half the hour is past ! 'twill all be past anon.  
O if my soul must suffer for my sin  
Impose some end to my incessant pain.  
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved !  
No end is limited to damnèd souls.  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?  
Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?  
O Pythagoras' metempsychosis ! were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be changed  
Into some brutish beast. All beasts are happy,  
For, when they die,  
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements ;  
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.  
Curs'd be the parents that engendered me !  
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,  
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

*(The clock strikes twelve.)*

It strikes, it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air,  
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell !  
O soul, be changed into small water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean ; ne'er be found !

*(Thunder. Enter devils.)*

O mercy, Heaven ! look not so fierce on me.  
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile ;  
Ugly hell, gape not ; come not Lucifer !  
I'll burn my books ! O Mephostophilis !

*(Enter scholars.)*

*First Sch.* Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,  
For such a dreadful night was never seen  
Since first the world's creation did begin :  
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.

Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger !

*Sec. Sch.* O help us, Heaven ! see here are Faustus' limbs  
All torn asunder by the hand of death !

*Third Sch.* The devils whom Faustus served have torn  
him thus ;

For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought,  
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help ;  
At which self time the house seemed all on fire  
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.

*Sec. Sch.* Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such  
As every Christian heart laments to think on ;

Yet, for he was a scholar once admired  
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,  
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;  
And all the students, clothed in mourning black,  
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

*Chorus.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough  
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.\*  
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise  
Only to wonder at unlawful things;  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits  
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

—*Marlowe's Faustus.*

XXIV.

HOPE DEFERRED †

FULL little knowest thou, that hast not tried,  
What hell it is in suing long to bide;  
To lose good days, that might be better spent,  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,  
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;  
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her peers',  
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;  
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,  
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;  
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

---

\* How applicable these three lines are to the life and work of Marlowe himself.

† From *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, out of 1388 lines. This was first printed in 1591, but in the Dedication Spenser describes it as composed in the raw conceit of his youth.

Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,  
That doth his life in so long tendance spend.

—*Spenser.*

XXV.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such present joys therein I find,  
That it excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by kind ;  
Though much I want which most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
No force to win the victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to feed a loving eye :  
To none of these I yield as thrall ;  
For why ? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft,  
And hasty climbers soon do fall ;  
I see that those which are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;  
They get with toil, they keep with fear ;  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice ;  
I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies ;  
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;  
I little have, and seek no more.  
They are but poor, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store ;  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;  
I grudge not at another's pain ;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;  
My state at one doth still remain ;  
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;  
Their treasure is their only trust ;  
A cloaked craft their store of skill ;  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;  
My conscience clear my choice defence ;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offence ;  
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I !

—Dyer.

## SECTION II. (1590-1600).

## XXVI.

## THE FAERY QUEENE - THE INTRODUCTION.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,  
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,  
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
The cruell markes of many a bloody felde;  
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.  
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield;  
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,  
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,  
And dead, as living, ever him adored;  
Upon his shield the like was also scored,  
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.  
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,  
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;  
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)  
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,  
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;  
And ever as he rode his hart did earne  
To prove his puissance in battell brave  
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,  
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,  
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,  
Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide  
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;  
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw ;  
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,  
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,  
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
She was in life and every vertuous lore ;  
And by descent from Royall lynage came  
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held ;  
Till that infernall feend with foul uprore  
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;  
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,  
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,  
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,  
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine  
Did poure into his Leman's lap so fast,  
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;  
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;  
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any starr ;



And all within were pathes and alleies wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.  
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred ar.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led  
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,  
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,  
The sayling Pine ; the Cedar proud and tall ;  
The vine-propp Elme ; the Poplar never dry ;  
The builder Oake, sole king of forests all ;  
The Aspine good for staves ; the Cypresse funerall ;

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours  
And Poets sage ; the Firre that weepeth still ;  
The Willow, worne of forlorne paramours ;  
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will ;  
The Birch for shaftes ; the Sallow for the mill ;  
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;  
The warlike Beech ; the Ash for nothing ill ;  
The fruitful Olive ; and the Platane round ;  
The carver Holme ; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;  
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,  
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,  
But wandering too and fro in waies unknowne,  
Furthest from end then when they nearest weene,  
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne ;  
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,  
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

## XXVII.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

SUDDEN upriseth from her stately place  
The royall Dame,\* and for her coche doth call ;  
All hurtlen forth ; and she with princely pace,  
As faire Aurora in her purple pall  
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.  
So forth she comes ; her brightness brode doth blaze.  
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,  
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze ;  
Her glorious glitter and light doth all men's eies  
amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,  
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,  
That seemed as fresh as Flora in her prime  
And strove to match, in royall rich array,  
Great Juno's golden chayre ; the which, they say,  
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
To Jove's high hous through heaven's brasspaved way  
Drawne of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,  
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,  
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,  
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,  
With like conditions to their kindes applyde,  
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,  
Was sluggish IDLENESSE, the nourse of sin ;  
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,  
Arrayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,  
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

---

\* The 'Royal Dame' is Duessa, or Pride, and she and her six counsellors represent the seven deadly sins.

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,  
That much was worne, but therein little redd ;  
For of devotion he had little care,  
Still drowned in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd ;  
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,  
To looken whether it were night or day.  
May seeme that wayne was very evil ledd,  
When such an one had guiding of the way,  
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise ;  
From everie work he chalenged essoyné,  
For contemplation sake ; yet otherwise  
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,  
By which he grew to grievous malady ;  
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,  
A shaking fever raignd continually.  
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome GLUTTONY,  
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.  
His belly was upblowne with luxury,  
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;  
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,  
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,  
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne ;  
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,  
For other clothes he could not weare for heate ;  
And on his head an yvie girland had,  
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat.  
Still, as he rode he somewhat still did eat,  
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,

Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat  
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can ;  
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke unhable once to stirre or go ;  
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,  
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.  
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,  
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,  
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.  
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull LECHERY  
Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,  
And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,)  
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare ;  
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare  
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye ;  
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by ;  
O! who does know the bend of women's fantasy ?

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,  
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse ;  
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,  
Full of vaine follies and new fanglenesse :  
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,  
And learned had to love with secret lookes ;  
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulness ;  
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,  
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshly hookes.

Inconstant-man, that loved all he saw,  
And lusted after all that he did love ;  
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,

But joyd weake wemen's hearts to tempt, and prove  
If from their loyall loves he might them move ;  
Which lewdnes filld him with reprochfull pain  
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,  
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine.  
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

And greedy AVARICE by him did ride,  
Upon a camell loaden all with gold ;  
Two iron coffers hong on either side,  
With precious metall full as they might hold :  
And in his lap an heap of coine he told ;  
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,  
And unto hell himsel'fe for money sold ;  
Accursed usury was all his trade,  
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste ;  
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware ;  
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,  
But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare ;  
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none  
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care  
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,  
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice ;  
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;  
Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;  
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore ;  
Who had enough, yet wished ever more ;  
A vile disease ; and eke in foote and hand  
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,  
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.  
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

And next to him malicious ENVY rode.  
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw  
Between his cankred teeth, a venomous tode,  
That all the poison ran about his chaw ;  
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw  
At neighbours' welth, that made him ever sad,  
For death it was, when any good he saw ;  
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;  
But when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say  
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;  
And in his bosome secretly there lay  
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes  
In many folds, and mortal sting implyes.  
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see  
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse ;  
And grudged at the great felicitie  
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,  
And him no lesse, that any like did use ;  
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.  
So every good to bad he doth abuse ;  
And eke the verse of famous Poets' witt  
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues  
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.  
Such one vile Envy was, that fift in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce revenging WRATH,  
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led ;  
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,  
The which he brandisheth about his hed ;  
His eies did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,

And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;  
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming ded,  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood  
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,  
Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood ;  
For of his hands he had no government,  
Ne cared for blood in his avengement ;  
But, when the furious fit was overpast,  
His cruel facts he often would repent ;  
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast  
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath !  
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,  
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,  
And fretting grieve, the enemy of life ;  
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,  
The swelling Splene and Frenzy raging rife,  
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.  
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame,  
Rode SATAN with a smarting whip in hand,  
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,  
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.  
Huge routs of people did about them band,  
Showting for joy ; and still before their way  
A foggy mist had covered all the land ;  
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay  
Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had gone  
astray.

—*The Faery Queene*, i. 4.

## XXVIII.

## THE SEVEN BEAD-MEN.

EFTSOONES unto an holy Hospitall,  
That was foreby the way, she did him bring ;  
In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all  
Their life to service of high heaven's King,  
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing.  
Their gates to all were open evermore,  
That by the wearie way were travelling ,  
And one sate wayting ever them before,  
To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

The *first* of them, that eldest was and best,  
Of all the house had charge and governement,  
As Guardian and Steward of the rest.  
His office was to give entertainment,  
And lodging unto all that came and went ;  
Not unto such as could him feast againe,  
And double quite for that he on them spent ;  
But such as want of harbour did constraine  
Those for God's sake his dewty was to entertaene.

The *second* was as Almner of the place ;  
His office was the hungry for to feed,  
And thirsty give to drinke ; a worke of grace.  
He feared not once himselfe to be in need,  
Ne cared to hoard for those whom he did breede ;  
The grace of God he layd up still in store,  
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede.  
He had enough ; what need him care for more ?  
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

The *third* had of their wardrobe custody.  
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and winges of Vanity,



But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,  
And naked nature seemely to array,  
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,  
The images of God in earthly clay;  
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,  
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The *fourth* appointed by his office was  
Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,  
And captives to redeeme with price of brass  
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;  
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,  
That God to us forgiveth every howre  
Much more than that why they in bands were layd;  
And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,  
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly  
bowre.

The *fifth* had charge sick persons to attend,  
And comfort those in point of death which lay;  
For them most needeth comfort in the end,  
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay  
The feeble soule departing hence away.  
All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
If not well ended at our dying day.  
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw,  
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

The *sixth* had charge of them now being dead,  
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,  
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,  
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave  
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.  
The wondrous workmanship of God's owne mould,  
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave

All in his hand, even dead we honour should.  
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould.

The *seventh*, now after death and burial done,  
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead  
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone.  
In face of judgement he their right would plead,  
Ne ought the power of mighty men did dread  
In their defence ; nor would for gold or fee  
Be won their rightfull causes downe to tread,  
And, when they stood in most necessitee,  
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,  
The first and chieftest of the seven, whose care  
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pass ;  
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare  
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,  
And seemely welcome for her did prepare ;  
For of their order she was Patronesse,  
Albe Charissa were their chieftest founderesse.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,  
That to the rest more hable he might bee ;  
During which time, in every good behest,  
And godly worke of Almes and charitee,  
She him instructed with great industree.  
Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
That, from the first, unto the last degree,  
His mortal life he learned had to frame  
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas  
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,

On top whereof a sacred chapell was,  
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,  
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
That day and night said his devotion,  
Ne other worldly business did apply ;  
His name was hevenly Contemplation ;  
Of God and goodness was his meditation.

—*The Faery Queene*, i. 10.

## XXIX.

## THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is ; or else more wretched were the cace  
Of men than beasts. But O ! the exceeding grace  
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man,—to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that succour want !  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant ;  
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
O ! why should hevenly God to men have such regard ?

—*Ib.*, ii. 8.

## XXX.

SONNET ON *THE FAERY QUEENE*.\*

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
Within that temple where the vestal flame  
Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,  
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene;  
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,  
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,  
For they this Queene attended; in whose stead  
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.  
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce;  
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,  
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

—*Raleigh*.

1590.

## XXXI.

## CONTENT

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;  
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown;  
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,  
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.  
The homely house that harbours quiet rest;  
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;  
The mean that 'grees with country music best;  
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;  
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss;  
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

1591. —*Greene's Farewell to Folly*.

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\* Appended to the first edition of *The Faery Queene*.

## XXXII.

## PHILOMELA'S ODE

SITTING by a river's side,  
Where a silent stream did glide,  
Muse I did of many things,  
That the mind in quiet brings.  
I gan think how some men deem  
Gold their god ; and some esteem  
Honour is the chief content,  
That to man in life is lent.  
And some others do contend,  
Quiet none, like to a friend.  
Others hold, there is no wealth  
Comparèd to a perfect health.  
Some man's mind in quiet stands,  
When he is lord of many lands ;  
But I did sigh, and said all this  
Was but a shade of perfect bliss ;  
And in my thoughts I did approve,  
Nought so sweet as is true love.  
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,  
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,  
With folded arms and lips meeting,  
Each soul another sweetly greeting ;  
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,  
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.  
If love be so sweet a thing,  
That such happy bliss doth bring,  
Happy is love's sugared thrall,  
But unhappy maidens all,  
Who esteem your virgin blisses,  
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.  
No such quiet to the mind,  
As true Love with kisses kind ;

But if a kiss prove unchaste,  
Then is true love quite disgraced.  
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,  
No sweet love but honesty. —Greene.  
1592. From *The Lady Fitzwalter's Nightingale*.

## XXXIII.

## TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again ;  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;  
The sorest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;  
Times go by turns and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;  
Her time hath equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web ;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,  
No endless night yet not eternal day ;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay ;  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;  
The well that holds no great, takes little fish ;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;  
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,  
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.  
1592. —Southwell.

## XXXIV.

## RETIRED THOUGHTS.

RETIRED thoughts enjoy their own delights,  
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye ;  
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,  
A brief wherein all miracles summèd lie,—  
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,  
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,  
To nature's patterns adding higher skill  
Of finest works ; wit better could the state,  
If force of wit had equal power of will.  
Devise of man in working hath no end ;  
What thought can think another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,  
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might.  
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,  
And, to discern this bliss, a native light ;  
To frame God's image as his worth required,  
His might, his skill, his word, and will conspired.  
1592. —Southwell.

## XXXV.

## THE SOUL'S ERRAND.\*

Go, Soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand !  
Fear not to touch the best ;  
The truth shall be thy warrant.  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

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\* This has been traced in manuscript to 1593, but was first printed in Davidson's *Poetical Rhapsody*, second ed., 1608.

Go, tell the Court—it glows  
And shines like rotten wood ;  
Go, tell the Church—it shows  
What's good, and does no good.  
If Church and Court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates—they live  
Acting by others' action,  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by a faction.  
If Potentates reply,  
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state—  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice—only hate.  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending.  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal—it lacks devotion ;  
Tell Love—it is but lust ;  
Tell Time—it is but motion ;  
Tell Flesh—it is but dust.  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie:



Tell Age—it daily wasteth ;  
    Tell Honour—how it alters ;  
Tell Beauty—how she blasteth ;  
    Tell Favour—how it falters.  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit—how much it wrangles  
    In tickle points of niceness ;  
Tell Wisdom—she entangles  
    Herself in over-wiseness.  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic—of her boldness ;  
    Tell Skill—it is pretension ;  
Tell Charity—of coldness :  
    Tell Law— it is contention.  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune-- of her blindness :  
    Tell Nature—of decay ;  
Tell Friendship—of unkindness ;  
    Tell Justice—of delay.  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts—they have no soundness,  
    But vary by esteeming ;  
Tell Schools—they want profoundness,  
    And stand too much on seeming.  
If Arts and Schools reply,  
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith—it's fled the city ;  
Tell—how the country erreth ;  
Tell—Manhood shakes of pity ;  
Tell—Virtue least preferreth.  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill.

1593.

—*Raleigh*.

XXXVI.

FROM THE EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF  
CUMBERLAND

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,  
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,  
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame  
Of his resolvèd powers ; nor all the wind  
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong  
His settled peace, or to disturb the same,  
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may  
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down  
Upon these lower regions of turmoil !  
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat  
On flesh and blood ; where honour, power, renown  
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;  
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet  
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem  
To little minds, who did it so esteem,

Nor is he moved with all the thunder cracks  
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow  
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,  
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.  
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow  
Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appal not him, that hath no side at all  
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,  
And is encompassed ; whilst as craft deceives,  
And is deceived ; whilst man doth ransack man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;  
And the inheritance of desolation leaves  
To great-expecting hopes ; he looks thereon  
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,  
And bears no venture in impiety.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,  
You in the region of yourself remain ;  
Where no vain breath of the impudent molests,  
That hath secured within the brazen walls  
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)  
Rises in peace, in innocency rests ;  
Whilst all that malice from without procures,  
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,  
Than women use to do ; yet you well know  
That wrong is better checked by being contemned  
Than being pursued ; leaving to him to avenge,  
To whom it appertains    Wherein you show  
How worthily your clearness hath condemned  
Base Malediction, living in the dark,  
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark,

Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this world, above the which  
These revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll ; where all the aspects of misery  
Predominate ; whose strong effects are such,  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress ;  
And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

—*Daniel.*

XXXVII.

LEWD LOVE IS LOSS.

MISDEEMING eye ! that stoopeth to the lure  
Of mortal worths, not worth so worthy love ;  
All beauty's base, all graces are impure,  
That do thy erring thoughts from God remove.  
Sparks to the fire, the beams yield to the sun,  
All grace to God, from whom all graces run.

If picture move, more should the pattern please ;  
No shadow can with shadowed thing compare,  
And fairest shapes, whereon our loves do seize,  
But silly signs of God's high beauty are.  
Go, starving sense, feed thou on earthly mast ;  
True love, in heaven seek thou thy sweet repast.

Glean not in barren soil these offal ears,  
Sith reap thou may'st whole harvests of delight ;  
Base joys with griefs, bad hopes do end with fears,  
Lewd love with loss, evil peace with deadly fight,  
God's love alone doth end with endless ease,  
Whose joys in hope, whose hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring train of fancies trap,  
 Or gracious features, proofs of Nature's skill,  
 Lull Reason's force asleep in Error's lap,  
 Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will.  
 The fairest flowers have not the sweetest smell;  
 A seeming heaven proves oft a damning hell.

Self-pleasing souls, that play with beauty's bait,  
 In shining shroud may swallow fatal hook;  
 Where eager sight on semblant fair doth wait,  
 A look it proves, that first was but a look;  
 The fish with ease into the net doth glide,  
 But to get out the way is not so wide.

So long the fly doth dally with the flame,  
 Until his singèd wings do force his fall;  
 So long the eye doth follow fancy's game,  
 Till love hath left the heart in heavy thrall.  
 Soon may the mind be cast in Cupid's jail,  
 But hard it is imprisoned thoughts to bail.

Oh! loathe that love whose final aim is lust,  
 Moth of the mind, eclipse of reason's light;  
 The grave of grace, the mole of Nature's rust,  
 The wrack of wit, the wrong of every right!  
 In sum, an ill whose arms no tongue can tell!  
 In which to live is death, to die is hell.

—*Southwell.*

XXXVIII.

JOHN OF GAUNT'S PANEGYRIC ON ENGLAND.

METHINKS I am a prophet new inspired,  
 And, thus expiring, do foretell of him;  
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves;  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short,  
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder ;  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress, built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
(For Christian service, and true chivalry)  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out (I die pronouncing it),  
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm ;  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds ;  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself ;  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death !

## XXXIX.

## RICHARD'S DESPAIR.

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege,  
That can my care-tuned tongue deliver him !

*Richard.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared ;  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost ? Why, 'twas my care ;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?  
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,  
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so.  
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;  
They break their faith to God as well as us.  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;  
The worst is death ; and death will have his day. . . .

Of comfort no man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;  
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's ;  
And nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings ;—  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed ;  
All murdered. For, within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks ;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable, and, humoured thus,  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solcmn reverence ; throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;  
 For, you have but mistook me all this while ;  
 I live with bread like you, feel want,  
 Taste grief, need friends ; subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

—*Richard II.*, iii. 2.

XL.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
 For will in us is overruled by fate.  
 When two are stripped, long ere the race begin  
 We wish that one should lose, the other win.  
 And one especially do we affect  
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.  
 The reason no man knows ; let it suffice  
 What we behold is censured by our eyes ;  
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight ;  
 Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ? \*

1593.

*Marlowe, Hero and Leander.*

\* Shakspeare quotes this line, and thus refers to Marlowe in *As You Like It*, iii. 5 —

‘ Dead Shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might—  
 “ Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ? ” ’



## XLI.

## SONNET.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—  
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;  
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;  
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.  
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!  
1593. —*Drayton's Idea.*

## XLII.

## BEAUTY, THE SYREN.\*

AH, Beauty! syren, fair enchanting good,  
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;  
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,  
More than the words or wisdom of the wise;  
Still harmony, whose diapason lies  
Within a brow; the key which passions move  
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.  
What might I then not do, whose power is such?  
What cannot women do that know their power?  
What women know it not (I fear too much)  
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour?  
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,  
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires  
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

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From *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond* (1594), out of 129 stanzas.

## XLIII.

## THE SUNSHINE OF A SMILE.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheer,  
And tell me whereto can ye liken it ;  
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear  
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.  
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,  
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day ;  
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,  
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray ;  
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,  
And every beast that to his den was fled,  
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,  
And to the light lift up their drooping head.

So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered  
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

1595.

—*Spenser, Sonnet 40.*

## XLIV.

## THE THREE ELIZABETHS

Most happy letters ! framed by skillfull trade,  
With which that happy name was first desynd,  
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,  
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.  
The first my being to me gave by kind,  
From mother's womb derived by dew descent ;  
The second is my soveraigne queene most kind,  
That honour and large riches to me lent ;  
The third my love, my life's last ornament,  
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed ;  
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,  
Of all alive most worthy to be prayed.

Ye three Elizabeths ! for ever live,  
That three such graces did unto me give.

1595.

—*Ib., Sonnet 74.*

## XLV.

## EXTRACTS FROM KING JOHN.

UPON thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love,  
That to my home I will no more return  
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king. —Act ii. 1.

What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So, under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand;  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
To him, and his usurped authority. —iii. 1.

This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue  
If England to itself do rest but true. —v. 7.

—Shakspeare.

## XLVI.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight ;  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan;  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

1595.

—*Shakspeare, Sonnet 30.*

## XLVII.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack\* on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace ;  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine ;  
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun  
"staineth.

—*Ib.* 33.

\* *Rack*. See extract from the *Tempest*, and note, p. 102.

## XLVIII.

## TIME AND LOVE.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich-proud cost of out-worn buried age ;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay,  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—  
That Time will come and take my Love away :  
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

—*Shakspeare, Sonnet 64.*

## XLIX.

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry,\*  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill ;  
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone. —*Ib.* 66.

\* Quoted by Dean Stanley—sermon on illness of the Prince of Wales—10th Dec., 1871.

## L.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world, that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell ;  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O if, I say, you look upon this verse,  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay ;  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

—*Shakspeare, Sonnet 71.*

## LI.

Nor mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage :  
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes ;  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

—*Ib. 107.*

## LII.

## A TRIBUTE TO CHAUCER.

WHYLOME, as antique stories tellen us,  
Those two were foes, the fellonest on ground,  
And battell made the dreddest daungerous,  
That ever thrilling trumpet did resound;  
Though now their acts be nowhere to be found,  
As that renowned poet them compyled  
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,  
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,  
On fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked time, that all good thoughts doth waste  
And works of noblest wits to nought outweare,  
That famous monument hath quite defaste,  
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,  
The which mote have enriched all us heare.  
O cursed eld, the canker-worme of writs!  
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,  
Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly wits  
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits!

Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,  
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,  
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merite,  
That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive,  
And being dead, in vaine yet many strive;  
Ne dare I like; but through infusion sweete  
Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive,  
I follow here the footing of thy feete,  
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.  
1596.\*

--*The Faery Queene*, iv. 2.

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\* The second, three books of *The Faery Queene* were published in 1596.

## LIII.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove ;  
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*Shakspeare, Sonnet 116.*

## LIV.\*

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;  
Mad in pursuit and in possession so ;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;  
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe ;  
Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

—*Ib. 129.*

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\* Perhaps the two most completely powerful sonnets in our literature.—J. A. Symonds.



## LV.\*

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more;  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

—*Shakspeare, Sonnet 146.*

## LVI.

## MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;  
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;

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\* 'Perhaps the two most completely powerful sonnets in our literature.'—J. A. Symonds.

And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

1596.

—*Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1.

## LVII.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*(Enter Musicians.)*

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn ;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear.  
And draw her home with music.

*Jes.* I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;  
And, do but note a wild and wanton herd  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,  
But music for the time does change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus ;  
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Merchant of Venice*, v. i.

LVIII.

HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY.

*Prince.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*King.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.  
I stay too long by thee ; I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !  
Thou seekest the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.  
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence ; and at my death  
Thou hast sealed up my expectation ;  
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.  
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?  
Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thyself ;  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head ;  
Only compound \* me with forgotten dust ;  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers ; break my decrees ;  
For now a time is come to mock at form.  
Harry the Fifth is crowned ! Up, vanity !  
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness !  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum ;  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more ;  
England shall double gild his treble guilt ;  
England shall give him office, honour, might ;  
For the fifth Harry from curbed licence plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?  
Oh, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !  
*Prince.* Oh pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,  
The moist impediments unto my speech,

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\* See Shakspeare's Sonnet 71, line 10.

I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;  
And He that wears the crown immortally  
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more  
Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—  
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending.  
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,  
Oh let me in my present wildness die,  
And never live to show the incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed !  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)  
I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it : ‘ The care on thee depending  
Hath fed upon the body of my father ;  
Therefore thou, best of gold, art worst of gold ;  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in medicine potable ;  
But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,  
Hast eat thy bearer up ’. Thus my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it—as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murdered my father,—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But, if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let heaven for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

1597.

—*King Henry IV.*, II. iv. 4.

LIX.

HENRY V. AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

*King.* You all look strangely on me ; and you most ;  
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

*Ch. Justice.* I am assured, if I be measured rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*K.* No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me ?  
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?  
May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten ?

*Ch. J.* I then did use the person of your father,  
The image of his power lay then in me ;  
And, in the administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person ;

Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts ; make the case yours ;  
Be now the father, and propose a son ;  
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdained ;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And, in your power, soft silencing your son ;  
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;  
And as you are a king, speak in your state,  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

K. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well,  
Therefore, still bear the balance and the sword ;  
And I do wish your honours may increase  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—  
' Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice on my proper son ;  
And no less happy, having such a son,  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice '. You did commit me ;  
For which I do commit into your hand  
The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;  
With this remembrance,— that you use the same,  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;  
You shall be as a father to my youth ;  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practised wise directions.

## LX.

## THE NIGHTINGALE

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow and plants did spring,  
Everything did banish moan  
Save the nightingale alone ;  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast uptill a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefullest ditty  
That to hear it was great pity.  
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry ;  
'Tereu, tereu,' by and by ;  
That to hear her so complain  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her griefs so lively shown  
Made me think upon mine own.  
—Ah, thought I, thou mournst in vain,  
None takes pity on thy pain ;  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;  
King Pandion,† he is dead,  
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;  
All thy fellow birds do sing  
Careless of thy sorrowing ;  
Even so, poor bird, like thee  
None alive will pity me.

—Barnfield.

\* This and the next piece (often printed as one) appeared in '*The Passionate Pilgrim* by W. Shakspeare' (1599), in which were some sonnets and songs by him, and a few short pieces by other poets.

† Pandion in the fable was the father of Philomela.



## LXI.

## THE FLATTERER.

WHILST as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind ;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such-like flattering,  
' Pity but he were a king,'  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice.  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment.  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown ;  
They that fawned on him before  
Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need ;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.

These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

—*Barnfield.*

## LXII.

THE TREASURES OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.  
Power above powers ! O heavenly Eloquence !  
That, with the strong rein of commanding words,  
Dost manage, guide, and master the eminence  
Of men's affections more than all their swords ;  
Shall we not offer to thy excellence  
The richest treasure that our wit affords ?  
Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen  
Than all the powers of princes can effect,  
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men  
Better than force or rigour can direct ;  
Should we this ornament of glory then,  
As the immaterial fruits of shades, neglect ?  
Or, should we, careless, come behind the rest  
In power of words, that go before in worth ?  
When as our accent, equal to the best,  
Is able greater wonders to bring forth ;  
When all that ever hotter spirits expressed  
Comes bettered by the patience of the north.  
And who, in time, knows whither we may vent  
The treasure of our tongue ; to what strange shores  
This gain of our best glory shall be sent  
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores ;  
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident  
May come refined with th' accents that are ours ?  
Or, who can tell for what great work in hand •  
The greatness of our style is now ordained ?  
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,  
What thoughts let out, what humours keep restrained,  
What mischiefs it may powerfully withstand,  
And what fair ends may thereby be attained ?

---

From Daniel's *Musophilus, containing a general Defence of Learning*, 1599. 'The best poem of its kind in the language,' says Mr. Lowell. What a double fulfilment of lines 19-24 is this praise coming from a critic in the Occident !

## LXIII.

## TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,  
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;  
With dark forgetting of my care return,  
And let the day be time enough to mourn  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;  
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
Without the torment of the night's untruth.  
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,  
To model forth the passions of the morrow;  
Never let rising sun approve you liars  
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,  
And never wake to feel the day's disdain. —*Daniel.*

## LXIV.

## CHAPMAN ON MARLOWE.\*

THEN ho, most strangely-intellectual fire,  
That, proper to my soul, hast power to inspire  
Her burning faculties, and with the wings  
Of thy unspheréd flame visitest the springs  
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time  
Doth follow Motion) find the eternal clime  
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood  
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,  
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,  
Inscribing it to deathless memory;  
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,  
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;  
Tell it how much his late desires I tender  
(If yet I know not), and to light surrender  
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die  
To loves, to passions, and society. —*Chapman.*

\* From Chapman's continuation of Marlowe's unfinished poem, *Hero and Leander*, a paraphrase of the Greek poem supposed to be by Musæus.

## LXV.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.\*

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses ;  
And a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight, each May morning ;—  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

—Marlowe.

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\* These two pieces were first printed complete in *England's Helicon* (1600), *The Nymph's Reply* having the signature of 'Ignoto'. *Passionate* here means 'in love,' so too in *Passionate Pilgrim*.

'As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me ; 'twas a handsome milk-maid ; she cast

## LXVI.

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.\*

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;  
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

—*Raleigh.*

away all care and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it ; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milk-maid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.'—*Walton's Complete Angler* (1653).

## LXVII.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

CRABBED Age and Youth cannot live together.  
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care ;  
Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare  
Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short ;  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame ;  
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold,  
Youth is wild, and Age is tame ;—  
Age, I do abhor thee, Youth, I do adore thee ;  
Oh ! my Love, my Love is young.  
Age, I do defy thee,—O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

—*Shakspeare, The Passionate Pilgrim.*

## LXVIII.

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat—  
Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
          Here shall he see  
          No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.  
  
Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets—  
Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
          Here shall he see  
          No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.—*As You Like It*, ii. 5.

## LXIX.

## ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

*Faques.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players ;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining School-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning-face, creeping like a snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,  
Sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow Then a Soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the Justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws, and modern instances ;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

1599. —*As You Like It*, ii. 7.

## SECTION III. (1601-1624).

LXX.

TO DIANA.

SONG OF HESPERUS.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep.  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heaven to clear, when day did close.  
Bless us then with wished sight,  
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal-shining quiver:  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe how short soever;  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright! —*Ben Jonson.*

LXXI.

TO CELIA.\*

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.

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\* From the prose Love Letters of the Greek sophist Philostratus, about A.D. 250.



The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine ;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.  
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be ;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee. —*Ben Jonson.*

## LXXII.

## BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

*Cas.* That you have wronged me, doth appear in this ;

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the Ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me,  
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to, you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am. *Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man! *Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart  
break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? by the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

Ill use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier ;  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well ; for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way, you wrong me,  
Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier ; not a better.

Did I say, better ?——

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have  
moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted  
him.

*Cas.* I durst not ? *Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ? durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means ;  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection ;— I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me ; was that done like Cæsius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did. *Cas.* I did not ; he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived  
my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities ;  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do  
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius.

For Cassius is aweary of the world ;

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;

If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart ;

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him  
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger ;  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? give me your  
hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus !

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

1601.

—*Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3.

LXXIII.

PROLOGUE TO ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

THE rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps  
The fluent summer's vein ; and drizzling sleet  
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numbed earth,  
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves  
From the naked shuddering branch, and pill the skin  
From off the soft and delicate aspects.  
O, now methinks a sullen tragic scene

Would suit the time with pleasing congruence !  
May we be happy in our weak devoir,  
And all part pleased in most wished content.  
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget  
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim,  
If any spirit breathes within this sound  
Uncapable of weighty passion,  
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms  
And nuzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness)  
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up  
From common-sense of what men were, and are ;  
Who would not know what men must be ; let such  
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows ;  
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,  
Nailed to the earth with grief ; if any heart,  
Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring ;  
If there be any blood, whose heat is choked  
And stifled with true sense of misery ;  
If aught of these strains fill this consort up,  
They arrive most welcome. O, that our power  
Could lackey or keep wing with our desires ;  
That with unused poise of style and sense  
We might weigh massy in judicious scale !  
Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes ;  
When our scenes falter, or invention halts,  
Your favour will give crutches to our faults.\*

1602.

—*Marston.*

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\* This prologue, for its passionate earnestness, and for the tragic note of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one of those old tales of 'Thebes or Pelops' line,' which Milton has so highly commended, as free from the common error of the poets in his days, 'of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people'.—It is as solemn a preparative as the 'warning voice which he who saw the Apocalypse, heard cry'.—Charles Lamb.

## LXXIV.

## PATIENCE.

*Duke.* What comfort do you find in being so calm ?

*Candido.* That which green wounds receive from  
sovereign balm.

Patience, my lord ! why, 'tis the soul of peace ;  
Of all the virtues 'tis nearest kin to heaven ;  
It makes men look like gods. The best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.  
The stock of patience then cannot be poor ;  
All it desires, it has ; what award more ?  
It is the greatest enemy to law  
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,  
And so chains up lawyers and women's tongues ;  
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,  
His walks and orchards ; 'tis the bond-slave's freedom,  
And makes him seem proud of his iron chain,  
As though he wore it more for state than pain ;  
It is the beggar's music, and thus sings,—  
Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.  
O my dread liege ! it is the sap of bliss,  
Bears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss ;  
And last of all, to end a household strife  
It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

1602.

—*Dekker.*

## LXXV.

## A MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BE thou blessed, Bertram ! and succeed thy father  
In manners as in shape ! Thy blood and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee ; and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright. Love all, trust a few ;  
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy,

Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key ; be checked for silence,  
But never taxed for speech    What heaven more will,  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head ! Farewell !

1602.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, i. 1

## LXXVI.

## A FATHER'S ADVICE.

YET here, Laertes ! Aboard, aboard, for shame !  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with you.  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,  
Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all :—To thine own self be true ;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell ! my blessing season this in thee !

1602.

—*Hamlet*, i. 3.



## LXXVII.

## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be; that is the question;—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep,  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die; to sleep;  
To sleep! perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub;  
For, in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause; there's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action. —*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

## LXXVIII.

## HAMLET'S IRRESOLUTION

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! what is a man  
If his chief good, and market of his time,  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom  
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do',  
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means  
To do't. Examples gross as earth, exhort me,  
Witness, this army, of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince;  
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake. —*Ib.*, iv. 4.

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\* Reasoning powers. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, v. 488, and my notes.

## LXXIX.

## SPEECH OF ULYSSES.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingritudes;  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done; perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost:—  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er-run and trampled on; then what they do in  
present,  
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand  
And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,  
Grasps-in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,  
And Farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past ;  
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object.

1603. —*Shakspeare, Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3.

LXXX.

THE MASTER SPIRIT.

GIVE me a spirit that on life's rough sea  
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,  
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,  
And his rapt ship run on her side so low  
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.  
There is no danger to a man that knows  
What life and death is ; there's not any law  
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful  
That he should stoop to any other law ;  
He goes before them, and commands them all,  
That to himself is a law rational.

1604. —*Chapman, Biron's Conspiracy*.

LXXXI.

INNOCENCE, THE SACRED AMULET

INNOCENCE, the sacred amulet  
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,  
Of all misfortune, injury, and death ;  
That makes a man in tune still in himself ;  
Free from the hell to be his own accuser ;  
Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying ;  
No strife nor no sedition in his powers ;

No motion in his will against his reason ;  
No thought 'gainst thought ; nor (as 'twere in the  
confinés  
Of wishing and repenting) doth possess  
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace :  
But, all parts in him friendly and secure,  
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,  
He can with every wish be in their plenty ;  
When the infectious guilt of one foul crime  
Destroys the free content of all our time. —*Chapman.*

## LXXXII.

## OTHELLO'S COURTSHIP.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic  
(For such proceeding I am charged withal)  
I won his daughter.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,

From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history :  
Wherein of antres vast, and desert idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch  
heaven,  
It was my hint to speak ;—such was the process ;—  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently. I did consent ;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffered. My story being done  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;  
She swore,—In faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;  
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd

That Heaven had made her such a man ; she thanked  
me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake ;  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;  
And I loved her, that she did pity them ;  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

1604.

—*Othello*, i. 3.

LXXXIII.

SCENE BETWEEN LEAR AND CORDELIA.\*

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me ?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die ?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide !

*Phys.* He's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been ?—Where am I ?—Fair  
daylight ?—

I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity  
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—  
I will not swear these are my hands ; let's see ;  
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured  
Of my condition.

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me :—  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray do not mock me ;  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward ; not an hour more or less.  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

---

\* ‘The lines (from “Where have I been” to “I am old and foolish”), when taken in their dramatic surrounding, may rank among the greatest written by Shakespere.’—Professor Dowden.

Methinks I should know you, and know this man ;  
Yet I am doubtful ; for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is ; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me ;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am. [not ;

*Lear.* Be your tears wet ? Yes, faith, I pray, weep  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong ;  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France ?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good madam ; the great rage,  
You see, is cured in him ; and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,  
Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk ?

*Lear.* You must bear with me ;  
Pray now forget and forgive ; I am old and foolish.

1605.

—*King Lear*, iv. 7.

LXXXIV.

DOVER CLIFF.

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles ; half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade ;  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head ;



The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more ;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong. —*King Lear*, iv. 6.

## LXXXV.

## CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

THE barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold :  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were  
silver ;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster.  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggared all description : she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold, of tissue—  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy out-work nature ; on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.  
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tender her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings ; at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gape on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

1608

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2.

LXXXVI.

## A SEA DIRGE.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange ;  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

1610.

—*The Tempest*, i. 2.

LXXXVII.

## VANITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

THESE our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, \*  
Leave not a rack † behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Ib.*, iv. 1.

\* Vanished.

† A body of clouds in motion.

## LXXXVIII.

## A LAND DIRGE.\*

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
Call unto his funeral dole  
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm ;  
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.  
1612. —Webster, *The White Devil*.

## LXXXIX

## LINES ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear !  
What a change of flesh is here !  
Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within these heaps of stones ;  
Here they lie had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their hands ;  
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust  
They preach, ' In greatness is no trust ' .  
Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest royall'st seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in,  
Since the first man died for sin ;  
Here the bones of birth have cried,

---

\* ' I never saw anything like this dirge except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates.'—Charles Lamb.

' Though gods they were, as men they died ' ;  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings ;  
Here's a world of pomp and state,  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

—*Beaumont.*

XC.

WOLSEY'S REMORSE.

WHAT sudden anger's this ? how have I reaped it ?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leaped from his eyes ; so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him,  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;  
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so ;  
This paper has undone me ; 'tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends ; indeed to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome.—O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?  
No new device to beat this from his brains ?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again.—What's this ? ' To the Pope ?'  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness !—Nay then, farewell !  
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more. . . .  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory ;  
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !  
I feel my heart new opened. Oh how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

1613.

---*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.

## XCI.

## WOLSEY'S ADVICE TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL! I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes ! and thus far hear me, Cromwell,  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee ;  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silent envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fallest, O Cromwell,  
Thou fallest a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;  
And,—Prithee, lead me in :—  
There, take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny,—'tis the king's ; my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

—*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.

XCII.

MAN IS HIS OWN STAR.

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;  
Nothing to him falls early or too late ;  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. —*Fletcher*.  
1613. *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.*

## XCHIL.

## REVENGE OF INJURIES.

THE fairest action of our human life  
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;  
For who forgives without a further strife,  
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.  
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,  
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,  
To yield to worth it must be nobly done ;  
But if of baser metal be his mind,  
In base revenge there is no honour won.  
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,  
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;  
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor ;  
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but sold ;  
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.  
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,  
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,—  
To scorn to owe a duty over-long ;  
To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;  
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong ;  
To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;  
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,  
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;  
Do we his body from our fury save,  
And let our hate prevail against our mind ?  
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,  
Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?  
1613.—*Marian, the Fair Queen of Jewry, by Lady Carew,*

## XCIV.

## IN PRAISE OF SPENSER.

ALL their pipes were still,  
And Colin Clout began to tune his quill  
With such deep art that every one was given  
To think Apollo, newly slid from Heaven,  
Had ta'en a human shape to win his love,  
Or with the western swains for glory strove.  
He sung th' heroic knights of Fairy-land  
In lines so elegant, of such command,  
That had the Thracian played but half so well,  
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.  
But ere he ended his melodious song  
An host of angels flew the clouds among,  
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates,  
To make him one of their associates  
In heaven's fair choir; where now he sings the praise  
Of Him that is the first and last of days.  
Divinest Spenser, heaven-bred, happy Muse!  
Would any power into my brain infuse  
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,  
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.  
1613. —*Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.*

## XCV.

## THE HAPPY LIFE.\*

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

---

\* Drummond of Hawthornden wrote of Ben Jonson, who visited him in 1618-19, 'Sir H. Wotton's verses of a happy life he hath by heart'.



Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame or private breath ;  
Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;  
Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great ;  
Who God doth late and early pray  
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.  
This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

1614.

—*Wotton.*

xcvi.

## WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone ;  
Violets plucked the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see ;  
Toys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last ?  
Grief is but a wound to woe ;  
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more. —*Fletcher.*

1614.

From *The Queen of Corinth.*

## XCVII.

## EARLY LOVE.\*

AH, I remember well—and how can I  
But evermore remember well?—when first  
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was  
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed  
And looked upon each other, and conceived  
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,  
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,  
And what was our disease we could not tell.  
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look; and thus  
In that first garden of our simpleness  
We spent our childhood But when years began  
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then  
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,  
Check my presumption and my forwardness!  
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show  
What she would have me, yet not have me know!  
1615. —Daniel.

## XCVIII.

## SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.†

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flowery meads in May—  
If she think not well of me,  
What care I how fair she be?

---

\* From *Hymen's Triumph*, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy.

† This is from the original edition of *Wither's Fidelity*, 1615; of which there is a copy in the Bodleian Library (*vide Ward's English Poets*, vol. ii).

Shall my seely heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind ;  
Or a well disposéd nature  
Joinéd with a lovely feature ?  
    Be she meeker, kinder than  
    Turtle-dove or pelican,  
    If she be not so to me,  
    What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love ?  
Or her well-deservings known  
Make me quite forget mine own ?  
    Be she with that goodness blest ;  
    Which may merit name of best ;  
    If she be not such to me,  
    What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die ?  
She that bears a noble mind  
If not outward helps she find,  
    Thinks what with them he would do  
    That without them dares her woo ;  
    And unless that mind I see,  
    What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair ;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve ;  
    If she slight me when I woo,  
    I can scorn and let her go ;  
    For if she be not for me,  
    What care I for whom she be ?   -- *Wither.*

## XCIX.

## DESCRIPTION OF POMPEY.

(*Septimius, bringing in his lifeless head.*)

'Tis here, it's done ! Behold, you fearful viewers,  
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,  
The pride and strength ! Look, look again, 'tis finished !  
That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,  
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,  
And fled before, winged with their fear and terrors,  
That steel War waited on, and Fortune courted,  
That high-plumed Honour built up for her own ;  
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,  
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,  
By this poor hand made breathless !

(*Speech of Caesar.*)

O thou Conqueror !

Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,  
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus ?  
What poor fate followed thee, and plucked thee on  
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?  
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,  
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,  
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was ?  
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,  
And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy  
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,  
No study of thy life to know thy goodness ?  
Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,  
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,  
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,  
Are monuments fit for him ? No, brood of Nilus,

---

\* From the *False One*—a play in imitation of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven ;  
No pyramids set off his memories,  
But the eternal substance of his greatness,  
To which I leave him               —*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

C.

## EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDST thou hear what man can say  
In a little? Reader, stay.  
Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die ;  
Which in life did harbour give  
To more virtue than doth live.  
If at all she had a fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.  
One name was Elizabeth ;  
The other, let it sleep in death,  
Fitter where it died to tell,  
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

—*Ben Jonson.*

CI.

## THIS LIFE A BUBBLE.

THIS *Life*, which seems so fair,  
Is like a *bubble* blown up in the air  
By sporting children's breath,  
Who chase it everywhere  
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.  
And though it sometimes seem of its own might  
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,  
And firm to hover in that empty height,  
That only is because it is so light.  
—But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;  
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,  
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

—*Drummond.*

## CII.

## THE WORLD'S A BUBBLE.\*

THE *world's a bubble*, and the Life of Man  
Less than a span ;  
In his conception wretched, from the womb  
So to the tomb ;  
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years  
With cares and fears.  
Who then to frail mortality shall trust  
But limns on water, or but writes on dust.  
Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,  
What life is best ?  
Courts are but only superficial schools  
To dandle fools ;  
The rural parts are turned into a den  
Of savage men ;  
And where's a city from foul vice so free,  
But may be termed the worst of all the three ?  
Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
Or pains his head ;  
Those that live single take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse ;  
Some would have children ; those that have them, moan  
Or wish them gone ;  
What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,  
But single thralldom, or a double strife ?  
Our own affections still at home to please  
Is a disease ;  
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,  
Peril and toil ;  
Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,  
We are worse in peace ;—  
What then remains, but that we still should cry  
For being born, or, being born, to die ? —*Bacon.*

\* Imitated from the Greek Anthology ; see J. A. Symonds' *Studies of the Greek Poets*.

## CIII.

## TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,  
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,  
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,  
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed !  
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things  
Lie slumb'ring with forgetfulness possessed,  
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings  
Thou sparest, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.  
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face  
To inward light which thou art wont to show,  
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe,  
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,  
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,  
I long to kiss the image of my death.

—*Drummond.*

## CIV.

## INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

(*Sung to music, the Emperor sitting by, sick, in a chair.*)

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud  
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumbers ; — easy, light,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain  
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain ;  
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

1617.

—*Fletcher's Valentinian.*

## CV.

## A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;  
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles ;  
Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold pure clay ;  
Honour the darling but of one short day.  
Beauty the eye's idol, but a damasked skin ;  
State but a golden prison to live in,  
And torture free-born minds ; embroidered trains  
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;  
And blood allied to greatness is alone  
Inherited, not purchased nor our own ;  
    Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,  
    Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still  
Level his rays against the rising hill ;  
I would be high, but see the proudest oak  
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;  
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,  
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;  
I would be wise, but that I often see  
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free ;  
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,  
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud ;  
I would be poor, but know the humble grass  
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass ;  
Rich hated ; wise suspected ; scorned if poor ;  
Great feared ; fair tempted ; high still envied more ;

---

\* These verses have been attributed to Raleigh, Donne, and others ; they are printed in Walton's *Complete Angler*, with the note 'some say written by Sir Harry Wotton'.



I have wished all ; but now I wish for neither ;  
Great, high, rich ; wise nor fair ; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,  
Would beauty's queen entitle me ' The Fair,'  
Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie  
Angels \* with India ; with a speaking eye  
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike Justice  
dumb,

As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue  
To stones by epitaphs ; be called great master  
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;  
Could I be more than any man that lives ;  
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives ;  
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,  
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine,  
And hold one minute of this holy leisure  
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,  
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves ;  
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing  
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring ;  
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,  
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.  
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,  
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears ;  
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,  
And learn to affect an holy melancholy ;  
And if Contentment be a stranger then,  
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

—Wotton.

---

\* An angel was a coin, worth 10s.

## CVI.

## EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse,  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;  
Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Learned, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee !

—*Ben Jonson.*

## CVII.

## TO MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly !  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only Melancholy ;  
O sweetest Melancholy !  
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound !  
Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pales passion love !  
Moonlight walks when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed save bats and owls !  
A midnight bell, a parting groan,  
These are the sounds we feed upon ;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.  
—*Fletcher's Nice Valour.*

## CVIII.

## A MADRIGAL.

My thoughts hold mortal strife,  
I do detest my life,  
And with lamenting cries  
Peace to my soul to bring,  
Oft call that prince, which here doth monarchize;  
But he, grim-grinning \* king,  
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,  
Late having decked with beauty's rose his tomb,  
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.  
— *Drummond.*

## CIX.

## SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE last and greatest herald of Heaven's King  
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,  
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,  
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild. .  
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,  
With honey that from virgin hives distilled;  
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing  
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.  
There burst he forth: 'All ye whose hopes rely  
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,  
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!'—  
—Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?  
Only the echoes, which he made relent,  
Rung from their flinty caves, 'Repent, repent!'—  
— *Ib.*

---

\* This is prior to Milton's '*grim* Death *grinned* horrible a ghastly smile,' *Par. Lost*, II. 804, 846.

## CX.

## SONNET—TO DEATH.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;  
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poor Death ; nor yet can'st thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,  
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow ;  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell ;  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroke   Why swell'st thou then ?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally ;  
And death shall be no more ; Death, thou shalt die.

—*Donne.*

## CXI.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.\*

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.  
These are, as some infâmous bawd or whore

---

\* From the First Folio edition of Shakspeare, 1623.

Should praise a matron ; what would hurt her more ?  
 But thou art proof against them and, indeed,  
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.  
 I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !  
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !  
 My SHAKSPEARE, rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie \*  
 A little further, to make thee a room ;  
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
 And art alive still while thy book doth live,  
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,—  
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses ;  
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.  
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek  
 For names but call forth thundering Æschylus,  
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
 Pacuvius,† Accius,† him of Cordova ‡ dead,  
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
 And shake a stage ; or, when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone for a comparison  
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

---

\* In allusion to an elegy on Shakspeare, by W. Basse, beginning—

‘ Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
 To learned Chaucer ; and rare Beaumont, lie  
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
 For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb ’.

† Roman tragic poets of the second century B.C.

‡ Seneca.

He was not of an age, but for all time !  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy Art,  
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion ; and that he \*  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat  
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,  
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;  
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn ;  
For a good poet's made, as well as born.  
And such wert thou ! Look, how the father's face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
That so did take Eliza and our James !

---

\* That he = that man.

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanced. and made a constellation there !  
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage  
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned  
     like night,  
 And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

—*Ben Jonson.*

CXII.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.\*

You meaner beauties of the night,  
     That poorly satisfy our eyes  
 More by your number than your light ;  
     You common people of the skies ;  
     What are you when the moon shall rise ?  
 You curious chanters of the wood,  
     That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
     By your weak accents ; what's your praise,  
     When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,  
     By your pure purple mantles known  
 Like the proud virgins of the year,  
     As if the spring were all your own ;  
     What are you when the rose is blown ?

So, when my mistress shall be seen  
     In form and beauty of her mind,  
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,  
     Tell me if she were not designed  
     The eclipse and glory of her kind ?      —*Wotton.*

---

\* Written about 1620, printed with music in Est's *Sixth Set of Books*, 1624. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, was daughter of James I.

BOOK II.

MILTON TO THE DEATH OF DRYDEN.

SECTION I. (1625-1649).

CXIII.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,\*

DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;  
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But killed, alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb ;  
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine  
Above Mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

Resolve me then, O Soul most surely blest,  
(If so it be that thou these plants dost hear,)  
Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were),

---

\* Written in 1625, when Milton was seventeen. The infant was the daughter of his sister, Mrs. Philips. These are stanzas 1, 5, 6, 10, and 11 out of eleven. It was first published in 1673.



Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
To turn swift rushing black perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deservèd smart?  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
Think what a present thou to God has sent,  
And render Him with patience what He lent;

This if thou do, He will an offspring give,  
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to  
live. —Milton.

## CXIV.

## OF POETS AND POESY.\*

THAT noble Chaucer, in those former times  
The first enriched our English with his rhymes,  
And was the first of ours that ever brake  
Into the Muses' treasure, and first spake  
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine  
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,  
And coin for current, and as much as then  
The English language could express to men,  
He made it do; and by his wondrous skill  
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest Gower, who in respect of him,  
Had only sipped at Aganippe's brim,

---

\* From an epistle to Henry Reynolds.

And though in years this last was him before,  
Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When after those, four ages very near,  
They with the Muses which conversed, were  
That princely Surrey, early in the time  
Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime  
Of England's noble youth ; with him there came  
Wyatt, with reverence whom we still do name  
Amongst our poets , Brian had a share  
With the two former, which accounted are  
That time's best makers, and the authors were  
Of those small poems, which the title bear,  
Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit  
On many dainty passages of wit.

Gascoine and Churchyard after them again  
In the beginning of Eliza's reign,  
Accounted were great meterers many a day,  
But not inspired with brave fire, had they  
Lived but a little longer, they had seen  
Their works before them to have buried been.

Grave moral Spenser after these came on,  
Than whom I am persuaded there was none,  
Since the blind bard his Iliads up did make,  
Fitter a task like that to undertake,  
To set down boldly, bravely to invent,  
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble Sidney, with this last arose,  
That hero for numbers and for prose,  
That thoroughly paced our language us to show,  
The plenteous English hand in hand might go  
With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce  
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use.

Then Warner, though his lines were not so trimmed,  
Nor yet his poem so exactly limned

And neatly jointed, but the critic may  
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say ;  
For my old friend, some passages there be  
In him, which I protest have taken me  
With almost wonder, so fine, clear and new,  
As yet they have been equalléd by few.

Next Marlow bathed in the Thespian springs  
Had in him those brave translunary things  
That the first poets had, his raptures were  
All air and fire, which made his verses clear,  
*For that fine madness still he did retain,*  
*Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.*

And surely Nashe, though he a proser were,  
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear,  
Sharply satiric was he, and that way  
He went, since that his being, to this day  
Few have attempted, and I surely think  
These words shall hardly be set down with ink,  
Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he  
Would inflict vengeance ; and be it said of thee,  
Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,  
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,  
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,  
As any one that trafficked with the stage.

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I  
May speak of, but to censure do deny,  
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse,  
To be too much historian in verse ;  
His rhymes were smooth, his metres well did close,  
But yet his manner better fitted prose ;  
Next these, learned Jonson in this list I bring,  
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,\*  
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,  
And long was lord here of the theatre,

---

\* Pope seems to have taken his well-known line from this.

Who in opinion made our learn'd'st to stick,  
Whether in poems rightly dramatic,  
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,  
Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.

1627.

—*Drayton.*

CXV.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.\*

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin-Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now, while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
bright?

---

\* 'The ode on the Nativity is perhaps the finest in the English language.'—Hallam.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet ;  
Oh ! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

## THE HYMN.

• It was the winter wild,  
• While the Heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,  
Nature in awe to Him  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize ;  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.  
  
Only with speeches fair,  
She wooes the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow.  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.  
  
But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around :  
    The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
The hookèd chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood ;  
    The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
    His reign of peace upon the earth began ;  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
    Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze.  
    Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight  
For all the morning light,  
    Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
    The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
    The new enlightened world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringèd noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly  
close.

Nature, that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-faced Night  
arrayed ;  
The helmèd Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,

But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundation deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres !  
Once bless our human ears

(If ye have power to touch our senses so),  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time ;

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die ;

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,

Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;



And Heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so,

The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss,

So both Himself and us to glorify :  
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through  
the deep,

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;  
The agèd earth aghast,  
With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His  
throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day  
The old Dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,\*  
No voice or hideous hum

---

\* (173-236) It was frequently noted by the Christian Fathers that from the birth of Christ the oracles and heathen divinities lost their inspiration. See also *Paradise Regained*, i. 456-464.

Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;  
In urns and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baàlim,  
Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice battered god of Palestine ;  
And moonèd Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded 'Thammuz\*  
mourn.

---

\* For this and the deities mentioned here, see *Par. Lost*, i. 376-489.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain, with cymbals' ring,  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud,  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest ;  
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark  
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine ;  
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So when the sun in bed,  
Curtained with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;  
And the yellow-skirted fays

Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved  
maze.

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;

Time is, our tedious song should here have ending ;  
Heaven's youngest teemèd star  
Hath fixed her polished car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

—*Milton.*

CXVI.

ON SHAKSPERE.\*

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones  
The labour of an age in pillèd stones,  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a life-long monument.  
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. —*Ib.*

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\* This was written in 1630, but first appeared in the Shakspeare Folio of 1632, entitled 'An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakspeare'.

## CXVII.

## LOVE ME LITTLE—LOVE ME LONG.

Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song;—  
Love that is too hot and strong  
Burneth soon to waste.

Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward or too bold;  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,  
It will not prove as true as touch;  
Love me little, more than such,  
For I fear the end.

I am with little well content,  
And a little from thee sent  
Is enough, with true intent,  
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lovest me while thou live,  
I to thee my love will give,  
Never dreaming to deceive  
While that life endures;

Nay, and after death, in sooth,  
I to thee will keep my truth,  
As now, when in May of youth,  
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
And it will through life persever;  
Give me that, with true endeavour  
I will it restore.

A suit of durance let it be,  
For all weathers ; that for me,  
For the land or for the sea,  
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Autumn's tempests on it beat,  
It can never know defeat,  
Never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,  
Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
Thou must give, or woo in vain ;  
So to thee farewell. —*Anonymous.*

## CXVIII.

## ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.  
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth  
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;  
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
That some more timely-happy spirits endueth.\*  
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven ;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

1631.

—*Milton, Sonnet 2.*

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\* In 1628, Cowley, when ten years of age, had written *Pyramus and Thisbe*, an ethical romance

## CXIX.

## SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose,  
For in your beauty's orient deep  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the day,  
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
The nightingale when May is past,  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light  
That downwards fall in dead of night,  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
The phoenix builds her spicy nest,  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies. —*Carew.*

## CXX.

## THE BOSOM-SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round !  
Parents first season us, then schoolmasters  
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound  
To rules of reason, holy messengers,  
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,  
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,

Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,  
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises ;  
Blessings before hand, ties of gratefulness,  
The sound of Glory ringing in our ears :  
Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;  
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears !  
Yet all these fences, and their whole array,  
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

—*Herbert.*

CXXI.

A WISH.\*

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone.  
The unknown are better than ill-known ;

Rumour can ope the grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more  
Than palace, and should fitting be  
For all my use, not luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not art's ; and pleasures yield,  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race ;

And in this true delight,  
'These unbought sports, this happy state,

---

\* Out of eleven stanzas. Written in 1631 when Cowley was only thirteen years old, and published in *Poetical Blossoms*, 2nd ed., 1636.



I would not fear nor wish my fate,  
But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day.  
—*Cowley.*

## CXXII.

## DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires,  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.  
  
But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts, with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires ;  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.  
  
No tears, Celia, now shall win,  
My resolved heart to return ;  
I have searched thy soul within  
And find nought but pride and scorn ;  
I have learned thy arts, and now  
Can disdain as much as thou ! —*Carew.*

## CXXIII.

## VIRTUE.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright—  
The bridal of the earth and sky ;  
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,

And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses :  
A box where sweets compacted lie ;  
Thy music shows ye have your closes,

And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
But, though the whole world turn to coal,

Then chiefly lives.

—*Herbert.*

CXXIV.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.\*

THE moral poets (nor unaptly) feign  
That, by lame Vulcan's help, the pregnant brain  
Of sovereign Jove brought forth, and at that birth  
Was born Minerva, lady of the earth  
O strange divinity ! but sung by rote,  
Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note.  
The moral says, all Wisdom that is given  
To hood-winked mortals, first proceeds from heaven ;  
Truth's error, Wisdom's but wise insolence,  
And light's but darkness, not derived from thence ;  
Wisdom's a strain transcends morality,  
No virtue's absent, Wisdom being by.  
Virtue by constant practice is acquired,  
This (this by sweat unpurchased) is inspired ;  
The masterpiece of Knowledge is to know  
But what is good from what is good to show,

---

\* Cf. the lines on Knowledge and Wisdom, quoted in book iii.  
from Cowper's *Task*, book vi.

And there it rests ; Wisdom proceeds, and chooses  
The seeming evil, th' apparent good refuses ;  
Knowledge descries alone : Wisdom applies ;  
That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise ;  
The curious hand of Knowledge doth but pick  
Bare simples ; Wisdom pounds them, for the sick ;  
In my afflictions, Knowledge apprehends  
Who is the author, what the cause and ends.  
It finds that Patience is my sad relief,  
And that the hand that caused can cure my grief ;  
To rest contented here is but to bring  
Clouds without rain, and heat without a spring ;  
What hope arises hence ? the devils do  
The very same ; they know and tremble too ;  
But sacred Wisdom doth apply that good,  
Which simple Knowledge barely understood ;  
Wisdom concludes, and in conclusion proves  
That wheresoever God corrects He loves ;  
Wisdom digests what Knowledge did but taste ;  
That deals in futures, this in things are past ;  
Wisdom's the card \* of Knowledge, which, without  
That guide, at random's wrecked on every doubt ;  
Knowledge, when Wisdom is too weak to guide her,  
Is like a headstrong horse, that throws the rider ;  
Which made that great philosopher avow  
He knew so much that he did nothing know.

—*Quarles' Job Militant.*

CXXV.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave,  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave,  
And asked, if Peace were there.

---

\* Card, chart ; ' the shipman's card '.—*Macbeth*, i. 3.

A hollow wind did seem to answer, No ;  
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note ;  
Surely, thought I,  
This is the lace of Peace's coat ;  
I will search out the matter.  
But while I looked the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden and did spy  
A gallant flower,  
The crown imperial ; sure, said I,  
Peace at the root must dwell.  
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour  
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man ;  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began :  
There was a Prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase  
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save  
His life from foes.  
But after death out of his grave  
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat ;  
Which many wondering at, got some of those  
To plant and set.

It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse  
Through all the earth ;  
For they that taste it do rehearse  
That virtue lies therein ;  
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth  
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
And grows for you ;  
Make bread of it, and that repose  
And Peace, which everywhere  
With so much earnestness you do pursue,  
Is only there. —*Herbert.*

## CXXVI.

## THE DYING LOVER.

DEAR Love, let me this evening die,  
Oh smile not to prevent it,  
Dead with my rivals let me lie,  
Or we shall both repent it.  
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,  
That so my way of dying  
May, though my life was full of smart,  
Be worth the world's envying.  
Some, striving knowledge to refine,  
Consume themselves with thinking ;  
And some, who friendship seal in wine,  
Are kindly killed with drinking.  
And some are wrecked on the Indian coast,  
Thither by gain invited ;  
Some are in smoke of battle lost,  
Whom drums, not lutes delighted.

Alas ! how poorly these depart,  
Their graves still unattended !  
Who dies not of a broken heart  
Is not of Death commended.  
His memory is only sweet,  
All praise and pity moving,  
Who kindly at his mistress' feet  
Does die with over-loving.

And now thou frown'st, and now I die,  
My corpse by lovers followed ;  
Which straight shall by dead lovers lie ;  
That ground is only hallowed.  
If priests are grieved I have a grave,  
My death not well approving,  
The poets my estate shall have,  
To teach them th' Art of Loving.

And now let lovers ring their bells  
For me, poor youth departed,  
Who kindly in his love excels,  
By dying broken-hearted.  
My grave with flowers let lovers strow,  
Which if thy tears fall near them,  
May so transcend in scent and show,  
As thou wilt shortly wear them.

Such flowers how much will florists prize,  
On lover's grave that growing,  
Are watered by his mistress' eyes,  
With pity ever-flowing,  
A grave so deckt will, though thou art  
Yet fearful to come nigh me,  
Provoke thee straight to break thy heart,  
And lie down boldly by me.

Then everywhere all bells shall ring,  
All light to darkness turning ;  
While every choir shall sadly sing,  
And Nature's self wear mourning.  
Yet, we hereafter may be found,  
By destiny's right placing,  
Making, like flowers, love underground,  
Whose roots are still embracing. —*Davenant.*

## CXXVII.

## ON THE MUSE OF POETRY.

IN my former days of bliss,  
Her divine skill taught me this,  
That from everything I saw,  
I could some invention draw,  
And raise pleasure to her height  
Through the meanest object's sight  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustling,  
By a daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed,  
Or a shady bush or tree,  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.  
By her help I also now  
Make this churlish place allow  
Some things that may sweeten gladness  
In the very gall of sadness.  
The dull liveness, the black shade  
That these hanging vaults have made,  
The strange music of the waves  
Beating on these hollow caves,  
This black den which rocks emboss,  
Overgrown with eldest moss,  
The rude portals that give light  
More to terror than delight,  
This my chamber of neglect  
Walled about with disrespect,  
From all these and this dull air,  
A fit object for despair,  
She hath taught me, by her might,  
To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,  
I will cherish thee for this.

Poesy ! thou sweetest content  
That e'er heaven to mortals lent,  
Though they as a trifle leave thee,  
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,  
Though thou be to them a scorn  
That to nought but earth are born,  
Let my life no longer be  
Than I am in love with thee,  
Though our wise ones call thee madness,  
Let me never taste of gladness,  
If I love not thy maddest fits  
Above all their greatest wits ;  
And though some, too seeming holy,  
Do account thy raptures folly,  
Thou dost teach me to contemn  
What makes knaves and fools of them.— *Wither.*

## CXXVIII.

## A SERENADE.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,  
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,  
He takes your window \* for the east,  
And to implore your light, he sings ;  
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,  
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.  
The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,  
The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;  
But still the lover wonders what they are  
Who look for day before his mistress wakes ;  
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn !  
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

—*Davenant.*

---

\* Cf. *L'Allegro*, line 46.



## CXXIX.

## L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathèd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings ;

There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yclept Euphrosyné,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore ;  
Or whether (as some sager sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying ;  
There, on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it, as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe .  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovèd pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And, singing, startle the dull night  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window \* bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine ;  
While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before ;  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
Whilst the ploughman, near at hand,

---

\* Annotators differ as to whether it is the lark or L'Allegro himself who comes to the window,

Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;  
Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied ;  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard-by, a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequered shade ;  
And young and old come forth to play

On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the live-long daylight fail ;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat ;  
She was pinched and pulled, she said ,  
And he, by Friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear,  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask and antique pageantry ;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream,  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,

If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony ;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights, if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

—*Milton.*

CXXX.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred !  
How little you bested  
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,  
Or likest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !  
Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;  
Black but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The Sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.  
Yet thou art higher far descended ;  
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore  
To solitary Saturn bore ;  
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain.  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state  
With even step and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;  
There, held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till,  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;  
And add to these retirèd Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
The Cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy evensong ;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound  
Over some wide-waterèd shore,

Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad Virgin ! that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did seek ;  
Or call him\* up that left half-told

---

\* Chaucer ; the reference is to his unfinished *Squire's Tale*.



The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That owed the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass  
On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud ;  
Or ushered with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And, when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke  
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt,  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh, .

That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep ;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid.  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embow'd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

—*Milton.*

## CXXXI.

DIALOGUE FROM *COMUS*.\*

*Elder Brother.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou,  
fair Moon,

That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades ;  
Or, if your influence be quite dammed up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,  
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.†

*Second Brother.* Or, if our eyes  
Be barred that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,  
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering  
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But, oh ! that hapless virgin, our lost sister,  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears.  
What if in wild amazement and affright,

\* The *Mask of Comus* was performed at Ludlow Castle before the Earl of Bridgewater in 1634, and was first published in 1637.

† The Cynosure (dog's tail), or constellation of the Little Bear, was the lode star by which the Phœnician or Syrian sailors steered their course ; hence the often-quoted phrase from *L'Allegro*. 80.

Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

*Eld. Br.* Peace, brother ; be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;  
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?  
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion !  
I do not think my sister so to seek,\*  
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that Goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That, in the various bustle of resort,  
Were all to-ruffled\* and sometimes impaired.  
He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day ;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

*Sec. Br.* 'Tis most true  
That musing Meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,

---

\* See the notes in my edition of Milton's Poetical Works.

Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a senate house ;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
Or do his gray hairs any violence ?  
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye  
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,  
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps  
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
Of night or loneliness it recks me not ;  
I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
Of our unowned sister.

*Eld. Br.* I do not, brother,  
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
Secure without all doubt or controversy :  
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left  
As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength  
Which you remember not.

*Sec. Br.* What hidden strength ?—  
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that.

*Eld. Br.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity ;  
She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen  
May trace huge forests and unharboured heaths,  
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds ;  
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.  
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,  
By grotts and caverns shagged with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblenched majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaïd ghost  
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of chastity ?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness  
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; \* gods and men  
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the  
woods.  
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,  
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,

---

\* Cf. : ' And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free,  
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell '.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace that dashed brute violence  
With sudden adoration and blank awe ?  
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal ; but when lust  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,  
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Sec. Br.* How charming is divine philosophy !  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,\*  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

—*Milton's Comus*, lines 331-480.

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\* 'As sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute',—*Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3.

## CXXXII.

## TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

THE Muses' fairest light in no dark time,  
The wonder of a learnèd age ; the line  
Which none can pass ; the most proportioned wit  
To nature, the best judge of what was fit ;  
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen ;  
The voice most echoed by consenting men ;  
The soul which answered best to all well said  
By others, and which most requital made ;  
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,  
Returning all her music with his own ;  
In whom with nature study claimed a part,  
And yet who to himself owed all his art :—  
Here lies Ben Jonson ! every age will look  
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

—*Cleveland.*

## CXXXIII.

## ON BEN JONSON.

FATHER of poets, though thine own great day,  
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray  
Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,  
Kindled from thine, flies upward towards thy name.

Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can  
So well present, and show man unto man,  
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art  
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart ?  
Where one so showing life to life, that we  
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee.  
But thou still put'st true passions on ; dost write  
With the same courage that tried captains fight ;  
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things ;



Low without creeping, high without loss of wings ;  
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,  
Big without swelling, without painting, fair.\*

Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast,  
Like curing gold, most valued now thou'rt lost ;  
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when  
We shall from corn to acorns turn again ;  
Then shall we see that these two names are one,  
*Jonson* and *Poetry*, which now are gone.

—*Cartwright*.

CXXXIV.

TO THE QUEEN,

ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEY.

FAIR as unshaded light, or as the day  
In its first birth, when all the year was May ;  
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new  
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew ;  
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,  
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard ;  
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far  
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.  
You that are more than our discreeter fear  
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here ?  
Here, where the summer is so little seen,  
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at  
green ;  
You come, as if the silver planet were  
Misled a while from her much-injured sphere ;  
And, t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,  
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

—*Davenant*.

---

\* Cf. lines 33 and 34 from Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, page 174.

## CXXXV.

## LYCIDAS.

*In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion fortells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.\*  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear  
Compels me to disturb your season due,  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer;  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the seat of Jove did spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;  
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn;  
And, as he passes, turn  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,

---

\* 'The five opening lines of *Lycidas* are to me the most musical in all the known realms of verse.'—A. C. Swinburne (*The Fortnightly Review*, Oct., 1867).

We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night  
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling  
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the oaten flute ;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes, mourn ;  
The willows and the hazel copses green  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear  
When first the white-thorn blows ;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream ;  
Ay me ! I fondly dream—  
Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?  
What could the Muse herself, that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal Nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears  
And slits the thin-spun life. ' But not the praise,'  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;  
' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glittering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds !  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood ;  
But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea ;  
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?  
And questioned every gust of rugged wings.

That blows from off each beakèd promontory ;  
They knew not of his story ;  
And sage Hippotadés \* their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panopé with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
Built in the eclipse ; and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe ;  
' Ah ! who hath reft,' quoth he, ' my dearest pledge !'  
Last came, and last did go  
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :—  
' How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !  
Of other care they little reckoning make  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest !  
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to  
hold  
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least  
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !  
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;

---

\* Hippotades. Æolus, the God of the Winds.

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;  
—But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.\*

Return, Alphéus,\* the dread voice is past  
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks ;  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies,  
For, so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise ;  
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurled ;  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,

---

\* Alphéus, a river in Arcadia, here put for the 'pastoral muse'.

Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount \*  
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.  
—Look homeward Angel, now, and melt with ruth,  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;  
So Lycidas, sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the  
waves ;

Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,

---

\* St. Michael's Mount, near Land's End, facing Namancos in Spain.

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay ;  
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay ;  
At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue ; \*  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

1637.

—*Milton.*

CXXXVI.

## GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field,  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore,—  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more. —*Lovelace.*

CXXXVII.

## TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss,  
I dare not beg a smile ;  
Lest having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while.  
No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissed thee. —*Herrick.*

---

\* 'True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast.'—*Gay, Epistle to Mr. Pope.*



## CXXXVIII.

## THE PRAYER OF OLD AGE.

As this my carnal robe grows old,  
Soiled, rent, and worn by length of years,  
Let me on that by faith lay hold  
Which man in life immortal wears ;  
    So sanctify my days behind,  
    So let my manners be refined,  
That when my soul and flesh must part,  
There lurk no terrors in my heart.

So shall my rest be safe and sweet  
When I am lodgèd in my grave ;  
And when my soul and body meet,  
A joyful meeting they shall have ;  
    Their essence then shall be divine,  
    This muddy flesh shall starlike shine,  
And God shall that fresh youth restore  
Which will abide for evermore.  
                                    —*Wither's Hallelujah.*

## CXXXIX.

## THE THAMES.\*

My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys,  
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays ;  
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity.  
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,

---

\* From *Cooper's Hill*, lines 157 to 190 out of 358.

His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,  
Search not his bottom but survey his shore,  
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing  
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,  
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;  
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.  
No unexpected inundations spoil  
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil ;  
But goldlike his unwearied bounty flows ;  
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.  
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,  
But free and common as the sea or wind ;  
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,  
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
Visits the world, and in his flying towers,  
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours ;  
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;  
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full !

1642.

—*Denham.*

## CXL.

## TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates ;

When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes that tipples in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King ;\*  
When I shall voice aloud, how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage ;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

—*Lovelace.*

---

\* Lovelace was committed to prison by the Long Parliament for presenting a petition from the people of Kent in favour of the king.

## CXLI.

## SONG.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
Since I can not have thine ;  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then shouldst thou have mine ?  
Yet now I think on't let it lie,  
To find it were in vain,  
For thou hast a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.  
Why should two hearts in one breast lie  
And yet not lodge together ?  
O love, where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever ?  
But love is such a mystery  
I cannot find it out ;  
For when I think I'm best resolved,  
I then am in most doubt.  
Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
I will no longer pine ;  
For I'll believe I have her heart  
As much as she has mine.

—*Suckling.*

## CXLII.

## THE DANCE.

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak  
Three mates to play at barley-break ;  
Love Folly took ; and Reason, Fancy ;  
And Hate consorts with Pride ; so dance they.  
Love coupled last, and so it fell  
That Love and Folly were in hell.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,  
But Hate was nimbler on her feet ;  
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither  
Hies, and they two hug together ;  
Yet this new coupling still doth tell,  
That Love and Folly were in hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride  
Hath now got Reason on her side ;  
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand  
Untouched by Love in Folly's hand ;  
Folly was dull, but Love ran well ;  
So Love and Folly were in hell.

—*Suckling.*

## CXLIH.

## TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the roof, great Genius,\* and from thence  
Into this house pour down thy influence,  
That through each room a golden pipe may run  
Of living water by thy benison.  
Fulfil the larders, and with strengthening bread  
Be evermore these bins replenishèd.  
Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,  
That lucky fairies here may dance their round ;  
And, after that, lay down some silver pence,  
The master's charge and care to recompense.  
Charm then the chambers ; make the beds for ease,  
More than for peevish pining sicknesses ;  
Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof  
Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proof.

—*Herrick.*

---

\* Genius, the good angel, and guardian of the house.

## CXLIV.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.  
CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight-in-arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower ;  
The great Emathian conqueror \* bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground ; and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's poet † had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

—Milton, *Sonnet 8.*

## CXLV.

## TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
Wisely hast shun the broad way and the green,  
And with those few arts eminently seen  
That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth.  
The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,  
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
Thy care is fixed and zealously attends  
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light  
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends  
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,  
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin, wise and pure.

—*Ib.* 9.

---

\* Alexander the Great.

† Euripides.

## CXLVI.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only Love, I pray  
That little world of thee  
Be governed by no other sway  
But purest monarchy ;  
For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
And hold a Synod in thy heart,  
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone ;  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have each subject at my will,  
And all to stand in awe ;  
But 'gainst my batteries if I find  
Thou storm, or vex me sore,  
As if thou set me as a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dare to share with me ;

Or committèes if thou erect,  
Or go on such a score,  
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
Thy love and constant word,  
I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
As ne'er was known before ;  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

—*Marquis of Montrose.*

CXLVII.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl,\* once President  
Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,  
And left them both, more in himself content.  
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
Killed with report that old man eloquent.†  
Though later born than to have known the days  
Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,  
Madam, methinks, I see him living yet ;  
So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
That all both judge you to relate them true  
And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

—*Milton, Sonnet 10.*

---

\* Sir James Ley, Chief Justice, was created Earl of Marlborough and President of the Council ; he died in 1629.

† Isocrates.



## CXLVIII.

## GATHER YE ROSE-BUDS.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may ;  
Old Time is still a-flying ;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being 'spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry ;  
For having lost but once your prime  
You may for ever tarry.

—*Waller.*

## CXLIX.

## TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past  
But you may stay yet here a-while,  
To blush and gently smile ;  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight ;  
And so to bid good-night ?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,

Merely to show your worth  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave ;  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, a-while,—they glide  
Into the grave. —*Herrick.*

CL.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose,  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That had'st thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired ;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part of time they share  
Who are so wondrous sweet and fair.—*Waller.*

CLI.

MUSIC.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That being ravished, hence I go  
Away in easy slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou Power that canst sever  
From me this ill ;—  
And quickly still,  
Though thou not kill,  
My fever.  
Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My pains asleep,  
And give me such repose,  
That I, poor I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live and die  
'Mongst roses.  
Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers,  
Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
A baptism o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my pains  
With thy soft strains ;  
That having ease me given,  
With full delight,  
I leave this light,  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.

—Herrick,

## SECTION II. (1650-1667).

## CLII.

## THE RETREAT.\*

HAPPY those early days, when I  
Shined in my angel-infancy !  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white celestial thought ;  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two, from my first love,  
And looking back—at that short space—  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;  
When on some gilded cloud or flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity ;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress,  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.  
O how I long to travel back  
And tread again that ancient track !  
That I might once more reach that plain,  
Where first I left my glorious train ;  
From whence the enlightened spirit sees  
That shady city of palm trees.

---

\* With this read Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*.

But ah ! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !  
Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps still move,  
And, when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

—*Vaughan.*

CLIII.

THE MIGHT OF DEATH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;  
Though you bind in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far  
As night or day,  
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.  
Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,  
Each able to undo mankind,  
Death's servile emissaries are ;  
Nor to these alone confined ;  
He hath at will  
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;  
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

—*Shirley's Cupid and Death.*

CLIV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 16, 1652.  
ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS OF THE COMMITTEE FOR  
THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,  
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains  
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War ; new foes arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

—*Milton, Sonnet 16.*

CLV.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.\*

AVENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;  
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
Forget not ; in Thy book record their groans  
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow  
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe. —*Ib.* 18.

---

\* In 1655 an edict was published by the Duke of Savoy directing the Vaudois, or Waldenses, who inhabited the valleys of Piedmont, to join the Church of Rome within twenty days, or quit the country ; all who refused and could not escape were massacred. Cromwell instructed Milton, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to write to Louis XIV. on their behalf, and they were free from persecution the remainder of the Commonwealth. 'The triple tyrant,' the Pope,—'triple' refers to his tiara. 'Babylonian woe,'—the Puritans regarded the Church of Rome as the mystical Babylon of the *Revelation*,

## CLVI.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my life is spent  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;  
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?'  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
• That murmur, soon replies : ' God doth not need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state  
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

—Milton, *Sonnet 19.*

## CLVII.

## TO MR. LAWRENCE.\*

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
From the hard season gaining ? Time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice  
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise. —*Ib.* 20.

---

\* Son of Henry Lawrence, President of Cromwell's Council ; the family resided near Horton, where Milton lived after leaving Cambridge.

## CLVIII.

## TO CYRIACK SKINNER.\*

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench  
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,  
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
Which others at their bar so often wrench,  
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
In mirth that after no repenting draws ;  
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.†  
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;  
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

—Milton, *Sonnet* 21.

## CLIX.

## TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's  
vain mask

Content, though blind, had I no better guide. —*Ib.* 22.

\* Grandson of Sir Edward Coke. † Cf. Horace, *Odes*, ii. 11,



## CLX.

## SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat that rowed along  
The listening winds received this song :—  
'What should we do but sing His praise  
That led us through the watery maze,  
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks  
That lift the deep upon their backs,  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own ?  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage ;  
He gives us this eternal spring  
Which here enamels everything,  
And sends the fowls to us in care  
On daily visits through the air.  
He hangs in shades the orange bright  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ;  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet ;  
But apples plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice.  
With cedars chosen by His hand,  
From Lebanon He stores the land,  
And makes the hollow seas that roar  
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;

And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound His name.  
O let our voice His praise exalt  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
Which then perhaps rebounding may  
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'

—Thus sang they in the English boat  
A holy and a cheerful note ;  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time. —*Marvel.*

## CLXI.

## ODE TO IMAGINATION.\*

WHERE never foot of man, or hoof of beast  
The passage pressed ;  
Where never fish did fly,  
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky ;  
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er  
Row through the trackless ocean of the air ;  
Where never yet did pry  
The busy morning's curious eye ;  
The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,  
And all's an open road to thee.  
Whatever God did say,  
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way ;  
Nay, even beyond His works thy voyages are known.†  
Thou hast a thousand worlds too of thine own.  
Thou speak'st, great queen ! in the same style as He ;  
And a new world leaps forth, when thou sayest  
' Let it be '.

---

\* These are stanzas ii. and iii. of the Pindaric ode, *The Muse*.

† In allusion to the creations of poetry,—centaurs, fairies, etc., and in fables and romances the making animals and trees, etc., act like men.

Thou fathomest the deep gulf of ages past,  
And canst pluck up with ease  
The years which thou dost please,  
Like shipwrecked treasures, by rude tempests cast  
Long since into the sea,  
Brought up again to light and public use by thee.  
Nor dost thou only dive so low, but fly  
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,  
Where Fates among the stars do grow ;  
There into the close nests of Time dost peep,  
And there, with piercing eye,  
Through the firm shell and the thick white,\* dost spy  
Years to come a-forming lie,  
Close in their sacred secondine† asleep,  
Till, hatched by the sun's vital heat,  
Which o'er them yet does brooding set,‡  
They life and motion get ,  
And, ripe at last, with vigorous might  
Break through the shell, and take their everlasting  
flight. —Cowley.

## CLXII.

## BEYOND THE VEIL.

THEY are all gone into the world of light !  
And I alone sit lingering here ;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.  
It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,  
After the sun's remove.

---

\* The white of an egg.

† *Secondine* (obsolete), the thin film with which an infant is covered in the womb, so called because it *follows* the child. This is from the note in the ed. of 1710, and a similar explanation is given in Blount's Dictionary, 1670. In Campbell's and other modern editions of Cowley it is altered to 'fecundine sleep'.

‡ *Set*, as a hen on eggs.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,  
High as the heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,  
Shining no where, but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know  
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep ;  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
The captive flames must needs burn there ;  
But when the hand that locked her up, gives room,  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under Thee !  
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective still as they pass ;  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
Where I shall need no glass.

—*Vaughan*.

## CLXIII.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and Saint ! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and Heaven,  
The hard and rarest union which can be  
Next that of godhead with humanity.  
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,  
And built vain pyramids to moral pride;  
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)  
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy  
Land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth ! but thou  
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now.  
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,  
And joy in an applause so great as thine,  
Equal society with them to hold,  
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.  
And they (kind spirits !) shall all rejoice to see  
How little less than they exalted man may be.  
Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,  
The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell.  
Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land ;  
Still idols here like calves at Bethel stand.  
And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,\*  
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke ;  
Nay with the worst of heathen dotage we  
(Vain men !) the monster woman deify ;  
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,  
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.  
What different faults corrupt our muses thus ?  
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous !

---

\* See Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*, lines 167-228.

Thy spotless muse, like Mary, did contain  
The boundless Godhead ; she did well disdain  
That her eternal verse employed should be  
On a less subject than eternity ;  
And for a sacred mistress scorned to take  
But her whom God Himself scorned not His spouse to  
It (in a kind) her miracles did do ; [make.  
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death,  
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath  
In thy great mistress' arms ! thou most divine  
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine !\*  
Where like some holy sacrifice t' expire  
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.  
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,  
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.  
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they  
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother church, if I consent  
That angels led him when from thee he went,  
For even in error sure no danger is  
When joined with so much piety as his.  
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,  
Ah that our greatest faults were in belief !  
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,  
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.  
His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.  
And I myself a Catholic will be,  
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.†

---

\* Crashaw became a Roman Catholic, and died 'of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that Church,' 1650.

† 'The tact and sweetness of the plea for saintship, the sudden passion of invocation, the modest yet fervent prayer at the close, all these are felicities of the first order of rhetorical poetry.'—Gosse.

Hail, bard triumphant ! and some care bestow  
On us, the poets militant below !  
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,  
Attacked by envy, and by ignorance,  
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,  
Exposed by tyrant-love to savage beasts and fires.  
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,  
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies ;  
Elisha-like, but with a wish much less,  
More fit thy greatness and my littleness,  
Lo, here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove  
So humble to esteem, so good to love)  
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,  
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me ;  
And when my muse soars with so strong a wing  
’Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.  
—Cowley.

## CLXIV.

## MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

ILL-BUSIED man ! why should'st thou take such care  
To lengthen out thy life's short calendar,  
When every spectacle thou look'st upon  
Presents and acts thy execution ?  
Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,  
' Fool ! as I fade and wither, thou must die '.

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)  
Is just the tolling of thy passing-bell ;  
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy  
Covers alike deceased day and thee ;  
And all those weeping dews which nightly fall  
Are but the tears shed for thy funeral. —King.

## CLXV.

## IN PRAISE OF HOPE.\*

HOPE, of all ills that men endure  
The only cheap and universal cure !  
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health !  
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth !  
    Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,  
    To every taste a several meat ;  
Thou strong retreat, thou sure entailed estate,  
Which nought has power to alienate !  
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer, for none  
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone !

Hope, thou first-fruits of happiness !  
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success !  
Thou good preparative, without which our joy  
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy ;  
    Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,  
    And art a blessing still in hand !  
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,  
We certain are to gain,  
Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfil ;  
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill !

Brother of Faith, 'twixt whom and thee  
The joys of Heaven and earth divided be !  
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixed estate,  
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.  
    Happiness itself's all one  
    In thee, or in possession !

---

\* Referring to this and its companion piece, *Against Hope*, Johnson says. 'What Cowley has written upon Hope shows an unequalled fertility of invention'.



Only the future's thine, the present his !  
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss ;  
Best apprehender of our joys, which hast  
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

Hope, thou sad lover's only friend !  
Thou way, that mayst dispute it with the end !  
For love I fear's a fruit that does delight  
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.

Fruition more deceitful is  
Than thou canst be when thou dost miss ;  
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee  
Some other way again to thee ;  
And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,  
To which all soon return that travel out. —*Cowley.*

## CLXVI.

## DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.\*

THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.  
Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
They tame but one another still ;  
Early or late,  
They stoop to fate,

---

\* From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, a Masque*, 1659. 'The fine song which old Bowman used to sing to King Charles and which he often sung to me.'—*Oldys.*

And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon Death's purple altar, now,  
See where the victor-victim bleeds ;  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.—*Shirley*.

## CLXVII.

## HUDIBRAS' RELIGION.\*

FOR his religion, it was fit  
To match his learning and his wit ;  
'Twas Presbyterian true-blue ;  
For he was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant ;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun ;  
Decide all controversy by  
Infallible artillery ;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks ;  
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
A godly thorough reformation,  
Which always must be carried on,  
And still be doing, never done ;  
As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended ;

---

\* The main design of the burlesque poem, *Hudibras*, was to hold up to ridicule the conduct and doctrines of the sectaries. The name Hudibras was borrowed from *The Faery Queene*, ii. 1.

A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies ;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss ;  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distraught or monkey sick ;  
That with more care keep holiday  
The wrong, than others the right way ;  
Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to.  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipped God for spite ;  
The self-same thing they will abhor  
One way, and long another for ;  
Free-will they one way disavow,  
Another, nothing else allow ;  
All piety consists therein  
In them, in other men all sin ;  
Rather than fail, they will defy  
That which they love most tenderly ;  
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;  
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard through the nose.  
The apostles of this fierce religion,  
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,\*  
To whom our knight, by fast instinct  
Of wit and temper, was so linked,  
As if hypocrisy and nonsense  
Had got th' advowson of his conscience. —*Butler.*

---

\* The ass is the milkwhite beast, called Alborach, on which Mahomet rode to heaven ; and the widgeon, or pigeon, he had trained to pick seeds out of his ear so that it might be thought that it was communicating an inspired message to him.

## CLXVIII.

## NIGHT.

THE sun grew low and left the skies,  
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes.  
The moon pulled off her veil of light  
That hides her face by day from sight  
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made  
That's both her lustre and her shade !),  
And in the lantern of the night  
With shining horns hung out her light ;  
For darkness is the proper sphere  
Where all false glories use to appear.  
The twinkling stars began to muster,  
And glitter with their borrowed lustre,  
While sleep the wearied world relieved,  
By counterfeiting death revived.

—Butler, *Hudibras*, Part II.

## CLXIX.

## YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.\*

YE gentlemen of England  
That live at home at ease,  
Ah ! little do you think upon  
The dangers of the seas.  
Give ear unto the mariners,  
And they will plainly show  
All the cares and the fears  
When the stormy winds do blow.  
If enemies oppose us  
When England is at war  
With any foreign nation,  
We fear not wound or scar ;

---

\* Campbell admired this song so much that he determined to write new words for the music ; and so this was the origin of his lyric *Ye Mariners of England*,

Our roaring guns shall teach 'em  
Our valour for to know,  
Whilst they reel on the keel,  
And the stormy winds do blow.  
Then courage, all brave mariners,  
And never be dismayed ;  
While we have bold adventurers,  
We ne'er shall want a trade ;  
Our merchants will employ us  
To fetch them wealth, we know ;  
Then the bold—work for gold,  
When the stormy winds do blow.  
When the stormy, etc.  
—*Parker.*

CLXX.

## ON ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,  
Their works shall with the world remain ;  
Both bound together live or die,  
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long  
Last in a daily-changing tongue ?  
While they are new envy prevails,  
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,  
The matter may betray their art ;  
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,  
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,  
Must carve in Latin or in Greek ;  
We write in sand, our language grows,  
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,  
The glory of his numbers lost !  
Years have defaced his matchless strain,  
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorned that age,  
The shining subjects of his rage,  
Hoping they should immortal prove,  
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,  
And all an English pen can hope,  
To make the fair approve his flame,  
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus designed, has no ill fate,  
If it arrive but at the date  
Of fading beauty ; if it prove  
But as long-lived as present love.

—*Waller.*

CLXXI.

FROM THE ODE TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.\*

BACON, at last, a mighty man, arose,  
Whom a wise King and Nature chose  
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,  
And boldly undertook the injured pupil's cause.  
Authority, which did a body boast,  
Though 'twas but air condensed, and stalked about  
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,  
To terrify the learnéd rout,  
With the plain magic of true reason's light  
He chased out of our sight,

---

\* This ode was first published in Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, 1667. The Royal Society was founded in 1662.

Nor suffered living men to be misled  
By the vain shadows of the dead ;  
To graves, from whence it rose, the conquered  
phantom fled.

He broke that monstrous god which stood,  
In midst of the orchard, and the whole did claim,  
Which with a useless scythe of wood,  
And something else not worth a name,  
(Ridiculous and senseless terrors !) made  
Children and superstitious men afraid.

The orchard's open now, and free ;  
Bacon has broke that scarecrow deity ;  
Come, enter all that will,  
Behold the ripened fruit, come, gather now your fill !  
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be  
Catching at the forbidden tree :

We would be like the Deity :  
When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we  
Without the sense's aid within ourselves would see ;  
For 'tis God only who can find

All nature in His mind  
From words, which are but pictures of the thought,  
(Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew)  
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought.

Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew ;  
He sought and gathered for our use the true ;  
And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,  
He prest them wisely the mechanic way,  
Till all their juice did in one vessel join,  
Ferment into a nourishment divine,  
The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.

Who to the life an exact piece would make,  
Must not from other's work a copy take ;  
No, not from Rubens or Vandyke ;

Much less content himself to make it like  
The ideas and the images which lie  
In his own fancy, or his memory.  
No, he before his sight must place  
The natural and living face ;  
The real object must command  
Each judgment of his eye, and motion of his hand.

From these and all long errors of the way,  
In which our wandering predecessors went,  
And, like the old Hebrews, many years did stray  
In deserts but of small extent,  
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last.  
The barren wilderness he past,  
Did on the very border stand  
Of the blest promised land,  
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,  
Saw it himself, and showed us it.  
But life did never to one man allow  
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too ;  
Nor can so short a line sufficient be  
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea ;  
The work he did we ought to admire,  
And were unjust if we should more require  
From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess  
Of low affliction and high happiness.  
For who on things remote can fix his sight,  
That's always in a triumph, or a fight ?

—*Cowley.*



## SECTION III. (1667\*-1700).

CLXXII.

## PARADISE LOST—THE INTRODUCTION.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse! that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of Chaos. Or, if Sion Hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And madest it pregnant; what in me is dark  
Illumine! what is low raise and support!  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men. —Milton.

---

\* *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667.

## CLXXIII.

## THE REBEL HOST.

ALL these and more came flocking, but with looks  
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared  
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
Like doubtful hue; but he, his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.  
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound  
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be upreared  
His mighty standard; that proud honour claimed  
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;  
At which the universal host up-sent  
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
With orient colours waving; with them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,  
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now  
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front  
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
Had to impose. He through the armèd files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods ;  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength  
Glories ; for never, since created man,  
Met such embodied force, as named with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warred on by cranes ; though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mixed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son,  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;  
And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond ;  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,

When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread Commander ; he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured ; as when the sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone  
Above them all the Archangel ; but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge ; cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
(Far other once beheld in bliss,) condemned  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced  
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
Their glory withered ; as when heaven's fire  
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,  
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his peers ; attention held them mute.  
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,

Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth : at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

—*Paradise Lost*, i. 522-621.

## CLXXIV.

PROLOGUE TO THE *TEMPEST*.\*

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root  
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot ;  
So, from old Shakspeare's honoured dust, this day  
Springs up and buds a new reviving play.  
Shakspeare, who, taught by none, did first impart  
To Fletcher *wit* ; to labouring Jonson *art* ;  
He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects, law,  
And is that nature which they paint and draw.  
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,  
Whilst Jonson crept and gathered all below,  
This did his love, and this his mirth digest ;  
One imitates him most, the other best.  
If they have since outwrit all other men,  
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.  
The storm which vanished on the neighbouring shore  
Was taught by Shakspeare's *Tempest* first to roar.  
That innocence and beauty which did smile  
In Fletcher grew on this Enchanted Isle.  
*But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be ;  
Within that circle none durst walk but he.*  
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now  
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,  
Which works by magic supernatural things ;  
But Shakspeare's power is sacred as a king's.  
Those legends from old priesthood were received,  
And he then writ, as people then believed.

---

\* An alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, by Davenant and Dryden, acted 1667.

But if for Shakspeare we your grace implore,  
We for our theatre shall want it more ;  
Who, by our dearth of youths, are forced to employ  
One of our women to present a boy ;  
And that's a transformation, you will say,  
Exceeding all the magic in the play. —*Dryden.*

## CLXXV.

## ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,  
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all ;  
And worthy seemed ; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone ;  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,  
Whence true authority in men ; though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed ;  
For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;  
He for God only, she for God in him.  
His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad ;  
She as a veil, down to the slender waist,  
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

—*Paradise Lost*, iv. 288-311.

## CLXXVI.

## EVE RELATES HER DREAM.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough ; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest. He, on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep  
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice  
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus : ' Awake,  
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight !  
Awake ! the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring  
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.'

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

' O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection ! glad I see  
Thy face, and morn returned ; for I this night  
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,—

If dreamed,—not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,  
Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk  
With gentle voice ; I thought it thine. It said,  
“Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song ; now reigns  
Full-orbed the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things, in vain  
If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.”  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
And on, methought, alone I passed through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge ; fair it seemed,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day ;  
And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood  
One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven  
By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distilled  
Ambrosia. On that tree he also gazed ;  
And, “O fair plant,” said he, “with fruit surcharged,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
Nor god, nor man ? Is knowledge so despised ?  
Or envy, or what reserve, forbids to taste ?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offered good, why else set here ? ”  
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm



He plucked, he tasted ; me damp horror chilled  
At such bold words vouched with a deed so bold ;  
But he thus, overjoyed : “ O fruit divine,  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropped,  
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For gods, yet able to make gods of men ;  
And why not gods of men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impaired but honoured more ?  
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
Partake thou also : happy though thou art,  
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be ;  
Take this, and be henceforth among the gods  
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,  
But sometimes in the air as we, sometimes  
Ascend to Heaven by merit thine, and see  
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.”  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth, of that same fruit held part  
Which he had plucked ; the pleasant savoury smell  
So quickened appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide  
And various ;—wondering at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation ; suddenly  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep ; but oh, how glad I waked  
To find this but a dream ! ’ Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answered sad :—  
‘ Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally ; nor can I like

This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear ;  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
Created pure. But know, that in the soul  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief ; among these Fancy next  
Her office holds ; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,  
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires  
Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
To imitate her, but, misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange ; yet be not sad ;  
Evil into the mind of god or man  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind ; which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not disheartened then, nor cloud those looks,  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world ;  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
That open now their choicest bosomed smells,  
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.'

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall

From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;  
 Two other precious drops, that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,  
 And pious awe that feared to have offended.

—*Paradise Lost*, v. 1-135.

## CLXXVII.

## SATAN IN SEARCH OF AN ACCOMPLICE.\*

  THERE was a place,  
 Now not—though Sin—not Time—first wrought the  
     change,  
 Where Tigris—at the foot of Paradise,  
 Into a gulf--shot under ground—till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.  
*In* with the river sunk—and *with* it rose  
 Satan—involved in rising mist—then sought  
 Where to lie hid.—Sea he had searched—and land,  
 From Eden over Pontus—and the pool  
 Mæotis—*up* beyond the river *Ob*;  
 Downward as far Antarctic;—and in length  
 West from Orontes—to the ocean barred  
 At Darien—thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roamed  
 With narrow search,—and with inspection deep  
 Considered every creature—which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles—and found  
 The serpent—subtlest beast of all the field.

—*Ib.*, ix. 69-86.

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\* 'For a crowning specimen of variety of pause and accent, apart from emotion, nothing can surpass the account, in *Paradise Lost*, of the devil's search for an accomplice.'—Leigh Hunt.

## CLXXVIII.

## THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

IN either hand the hastening Angel caught  
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.  
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate  
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.  
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them  
soon ;

The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

—*Paradise Lost*, xii. 637-649.

## CLXXIX.

## FROM THE ELEGY ON COWLEY.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning-star,  
To us discovers day from far ;  
His light those mists and clouds dissolved  
Which our dark nation long involved ;  
But he descending to the shades,  
Darkness again the age invades.  
Next, like Aurora, Spenser rose  
Whose purple blush the day foreshows.  
The other three, with his own fires,  
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires ;  
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines  
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.  
These poets near our princes sleep,  
And in one grave their mansion keep ;

They lived to see so many days,  
Till time had blasted all their bays ;  
But curséd be the fatal hour  
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower  
That in the Muses' garden grew,  
And amongst withered laurels threw.  
Time, which made them their fame outlive,  
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.  
Old mother-wit and Nature gave  
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have ;  
In Spenser and in Jonson, Art  
Of slower Nature got the start ;  
But both in him so equal are,  
None knows which bears the happiest share ;  
To him no author was unknown,  
Yet what he wrote was all his own.  
He melted not the ancient gold,  
Nor, with Ben Jonson. did make bold  
To plunder all the Roman stores  
Of poets and of orators.  
Horace's wit and Virgil's state  
He did not steal, but emulate ;  
And when he would like them appear,  
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear ;  
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,  
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece ;  
To him that language, though to none  
Of th' others, as his own was known.  
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings, .  
The Theban swan extends his wings,  
When through the eternal clouds he flies,  
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.  
Old Pindar's flights by him are reached,  
When on that gale his wings are stretched.

His fancy and his judgment such,  
Each to the other seemed too much ;  
His sévere judgment, giving law,  
His modest fancy kept in awe,  
As rigid husbands jealous are  
When they believe their wives too fair.  
His English stream so pure did flow,  
As all that saw and tasted know. —*Denham.*

## CLXXX.

## THE DANGER OF RICHES AND POWER.

Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare ; more apt  
To slacken Virtue and abate her edge  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms ? Yet not for that a crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules,  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king,  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;  
And who attains not ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,

Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force,—which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight.  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous than to assume.  
Riches are needless, then, both for themselves  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,—  
To gain a sceptre ofttest better missed.

—*Paradise Regained*, ii. 453-486.

## CLXXXI.

## TRUE AND FALSE GLORY.

THOU neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed ?  
And what the people but a herd confused,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise ?  
Things vulgar, and well-weighed scarce worth the  
They praise and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;  
And what delight to be by such extolled,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk  
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise—  
His lot who dares be singularly good ?  
The intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
This is true glory and renown—when God,  
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven

To all His Angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises. Thus He did to Job,  
When, to extend His fame through Heaven and earth,  
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He asked thee, ' Hast thou seen my servant Job ? '  
Famous he was in Heaven ; on earth less known,  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?

—*Paradise Regained*, iii. 44-83.

CLXXXII.

ATHENS.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
Westward, much nearer by south-west ; behold  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
See there the olive grove of Academe,



Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
There flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world;  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next,  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight received  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate and chance, and change in human life,  
High actions and high passions best describing.

—*Paradise Regained*, iv. 236-266.

CLXXXIII.

SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

I MUST not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know.  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane  
And proves the source of all my miseries,  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail; but, chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!

Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me ;  
They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong.  
Within doors or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own ;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day !

O first created beam, and thou great Word,  
' Let there be light, and light was over all,'  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decrec ?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in every part, why was the sight  
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
So obvious and so easy to be quenched ?  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
That she might look at will through every pore ?  
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !

Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
Buried, yet not exempt,  
By privilege of death and burial,  
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life, —  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes. —*Samson Agonistes*, 60-109.

## CLXXXIV.

## THE HIGHEST WISDOM.

ALL is best, though we oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft He seems to hide His face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to His faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent.  
His servants He, with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event,  
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.\* —*Ib.*, 1745-1758.

## CLXXXV.

ON MILTON'S *PARADISE LOST*.†

WHEN I beheld the poet blind yet bold  
In slender book his vast design unfold,  
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,  
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,

---

\* 'No other passage of Milton's poetry haunts my memory so often as that which brings the *Samson Agonistes* to a close.'—Dowden.

† Prefixed to the second edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1674.

Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all ; the argument  
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,  
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred truths to fable and old song ;  
So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite,  
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I liked his project, the success did fear ;  
Through that wide field how he his way should find,  
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind ;  
Lest he'd perplex the things he would explain,  
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excel,)  
Might hence presume the whole creation's day  
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise  
My causeless yet not impious surmise.  
But I am now convinced, and none will dare  
Within thy labours to pretend a share.  
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,  
And all that was improper dost omit ;  
So that no room is here for writers left,  
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign  
Draws the devout, deterring the profane ;  
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
At once delight and horror on us seize,  
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,  
And above human flight dost soar aloft,  
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft ;

The bird named from that paradise you sing  
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?  
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?  
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,  
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure  
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure,  
While the Town-Bayes\* writes all the while and spells,  
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells.  
Their fancies like our bushy points appear;  
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
I too, transported by the mode, offend,  
And, while I meant to praise thee, must commend;†  
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,  
In number, weight, and measure, needs no rhyme.

—*Marvel.*

CLXXXVI.

INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.‡

WHILST in this cold and blustering clime,  
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,  
We pass away the roughest time  
Has been of many years before;  
Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks  
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,  
And by great rains our smallest brooks  
Are almost navigable made;

---

\* Dryden; on his asking Milton if he might put *Paradise Lost* into a dramatic poem, the latter replied that he 'would give him leave to tag his verses'. 'Bushy points' and 'tags,' the ends of the laces or strings with which the breeches were tied at the knee.

† I am restricted by the rhyme, and must use the word 'commend'.

‡ Izaak Walton having stated his intention of coming to see his friend Cotton for trout-fishing in the Dove in Derbyshire, the latter wrote this invitation to him to come in a milder season. Walton was then in his eighty-third year.

Whilst all the ills are so improved \*  
Of this dead quarter of the year,  
That even you, so much beloved,  
We would not now wish with us here .  
In this estate, I say, it is  
Some comfort to us to suppose  
That in a better clime than this,  
You, our dear friend, have more repose ;  
And some delight to me the while,  
Though Nature now does weep in rain,  
To think that I have seen her smile  
And haply I may do again.  
If the all-ruling Power please  
We live to see another May,  
We'll recompense an age of these  
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.  
We then shall have a day or two,  
Perhaps a week, wherein to try  
What the best master's hand can do  
With the most deadly killing fly.  
A day with not too bright a beam ;  
A warm but not a scorching sun ;  
A southern gale to curl the stream ;  
And, master, half our work is done.  
Then, whilst behind some bush we wait  
The scaly people to betray,  
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,  
To make the preying trout our prey ;  
And think ourselves, in such an hour,  
Happier than those, though not so high,  
Who, like leviathans, devour  
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

---

\* Note the peculiar use of 'improve'.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,  
Shall be our pastime and our theme ;  
But then—should you not deign to come,  
You make all this a flattering dream. —*Cotton.*

## CLXXXVII.

## A PARAPHRASE FROM SENECA.

LET him that will, ascend the tottering seat  
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great  
As<sup>a</sup> are his mounting wishes ; as for me,  
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be ;  
Give me some mean obscure recess, a sphere  
Out of the road of business, or the fear  
Of falling lower ; where I sweetly may  
Myself and dear retirement still enjoy ;  
Let not my life or name be known unto  
The grandees of the time, tost to and fro  
By censures or applause ; but let my age  
Slide gently by ; not overthwart the stage  
Of public action ; unheard, unseen,  
And unconcerned, as if I ne'er had been.  
And thus, while I shall pass my silent days  
In shady privacy, free from the noise  
And bustles of the mad world, then shall I  
A good old innocent plebeian die.  
Death is a mere surprise, a very snare  
To him that makes it his life's greatest care  
To be a public pageant known to all,  
But unacquainted with himself doth fall.\* —*Hale.*

---

\* From a chorus in the *Thyestes* of Seneca ; the last lines are :—

‘ Illi mors gravis incubat,  
Qui notus nimis omnibus  
Ignotus moritur sibi ’.

## CLXXXVIII.

## CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS.

HER galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,  
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold ;  
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails ;  
Her nymphs, like Nereides, round her couch were  
placed,  
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.  
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,  
Neglecting, she could take them. Boys, like cupids,  
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
That played about her face ; but if she smiled,  
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,  
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,  
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes  
The silver oars kept time ; and, while they played,  
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
And both to thought. —Dryden.

## CLXXXIX.

## MANKIND.

MEN are but children of a larger growth ;  
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving too, and full as vain ;  
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,  
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing :  
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward  
To the world's open view. —*Ib.*, *All for Love*, iv. 1.

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\* From *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*, iii. 1. Compare the parallel passage in Shakspeare—*Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2. Sir W. Scott expresses a preference for Dryden's description



CXC.

SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,  
From whence his Mother rose ;  
No time his slaves from love can free,  
Nor give their thoughts repose.  
They are becalmed in clearest days,  
And in rough weather tost ;  
They wither under cold delays,  
Or are in tempests lost.  
One while they seem to touch the port,  
Then straight into the main  
Some angry wind in cruel sport  
Their vessel drives again.  
At first disdain and pride they fear,  
Which, if they chance to 'scape,  
Rivals and falsehood soon appear  
In a more dreadful shape.  
By such degrees to joy they come,  
And are so long withstood,  
So slowly they receive the sum,  
It hardly does them good.  
'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,  
And to defer a bliss,  
Believe me, gentle Celemene,  
No less inhuman is.  
An hundred thousand oaths your fears  
Perhaps would not remove,  
And if I gazed a thousand years,  
I could no deeper love.  
'Tis fitter much for you to guess  
Than for me to explain,

But grant, oh ! grant that happiness,  
Which only does remain.

—Sedley.

CXCI.

SHAFTESBURY.\*

Of these the false Achitophel was first,  
A name to all succeeding ages curst ;  
For close designs and crooked councils fit ;  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;  
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;  
A fiery soul which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'erinformed the tenement of clay.  
A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high  
He sought the storm ; but, for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;  
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,  
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?  
Punish a body which he could not please,  
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?  
And all to leave what with his toil he won  
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,  
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,  
And born a shapeless lump like anarchy.  
In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.  
To compass this the triple bond he broke,†  
The pillars of the public safety shook,

\* From *Absalom and Achitophel*.  
† The Triple Alliance of 1667, broken by Charles entering into a 'secret treaty' with France, 1670, which was signed by Shaftesbury.

And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.  
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,  
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.  
So easy still it proves in factious times  
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.  
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,  
Where none can sin against the people's will !  
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,  
Since in another's guilt they find their own.—  
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;  
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.  
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin  
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean  
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress ;  
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.  
Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown  
With virtues only proper to the gown ;  
Or, had the rankness of the soil been freed  
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed ;  
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,  
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.  
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.\*  
Achitophel, grown weary to possess  
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,  
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,  
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.  
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,  
He stood at bold defiance with his prince ;  
Held up the buckler of the people's cause  
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.

—Dryden.

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\*In Knolles's *History of the Turks* (1603), under a portrait of Mustapha, are the lines : ' Greatness on goodness loves to slide, not stand,  
And leaves for Fortune's ice Virtue's firm land '.

## CXCII.

OPENING OF THE *RELIGIO LAICI*.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,  
Is reason to the soul ; and as on high  
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light us here ; so reason's glimmering ray  
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day.  
And as those nightly tapers disappear  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;  
So pale grows reason at religion's sight ;  
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.  
—Dryden.

## CXCIII.

## TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.\*

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,  
Whom I began to think, and call my own ;  
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine  
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.  
One common note on either lyre did strike,  
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.  
To the same goal did both our studies drive ;  
The last set out the soonest did arrive.  
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,  
Whilst his young friend performed and won the race.†  
Oh early ripe ! to thy abundant store  
What could advancing age have added more ?  
It might (what Nature never gives the young)  
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.  
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine  
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

\* John Oldham, a satirical poet, died in 1683, aged thirty. Abp. Trench considers this to be the 'finest and most affecting epitaph in the English language'.

† *Æneid*, v. 327-338.

- . A noble error, and but seldom made,  
When poets are by too much force betrayed ;  
Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,  
Still showed a quickness ; and maturing time  
But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets of  
rhyme.  
Once more, hail, and farewell ; farewell, thou young,  
But ah ! too short, Marcellus \* of our tongue !  
Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound ;  
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.  
—*Dryden.*

## CXCIV.

## OLD AGE AND DEATH.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,  
The subject made us able to endite ;  
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,  
The body stooping, does herself erect.  
No mortal parts are requisite to raise  
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;  
So calm are we when passions are no more !  
For then we knew how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made ;  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home ;  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view  
That stand upon the threshold of the new. —*Waller.*

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\* *Æneid*, 860-886.

## CXCv.

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.\*

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY,  
EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

## AN ODE.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,  
Made in the last promotion of the blest ;  
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,  
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,  
Rich with immortal green above the rest ;  
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,  
Thou rollest above us in thy wandering race,  
Or, in procession fixed and regular,  
Movest with the heaven's majestic pace,  
Or, called to more superior bliss,  
Thou treadest with seraphims the vast abyss ;  
Whatever happy region is thy place ;  
Cease thy celestial song a little space ;  
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,  
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.  
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse  
In no ignoble verse,  
But such as thy own voice did practise here,  
When thy first fruits of poesy were given  
To make thyself a welcome inmate there,  
While yet a young probationer  
And candidate of Heaven.

---

\* Anne Killigrew died of small-pox in 1685, in her twenty-fifth year. Dryden's ode was prefixed to a posthumous edition of her poems. Stanzas 1 and 4 (out of 10) are here given.

Dr. Johnson says it is 'undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language ever has produced.' 'The first stanza may be pronounced absolutely faultless and incapable of improvement.'—Saintsbury.

## IV.

O gracious God ! how far have we  
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy !  
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,  
Debased to each obscene and impious use,  
Whose harmony was first ordained above,  
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love !  
Oh wretched we ! why were we hurried down

This lubric and adulterate age,  
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own,)

To increase the steaming ordures of the stage ?  
What can we say to excuse our second fall ?  
Let this thy Vestal, Heaven, atone for all ;  
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,  
Unmixed with foreign filth and undefiled ;  
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

—Dryden.

## CXCVI.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE MOURNING BRIDE.

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

I've read that things inanimate have moved,  
And, as with living souls, have been informed  
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.  
What then am I ? Am I more senseless grown  
Than trees or flint ? O, force of constant woe !  
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.\*—*Act i. 1.*

*Almeria.* It was a fancied noise ; for all is hushed.

*Leonora.* It bore the accent of a human voice.

*Al.* It was thy fear, or else some transient wind  
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle ;

\* These are the opening lines of the play. † Quoting this extract Dr. Johnson says: "If I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in the *Mourning Bride*."

We'll listen. *Leo.* Hark!

*Al.* No, all is hushed and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,  
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads  
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,  
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,  
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe  
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs  
And monumental caves of death look cold  
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.  
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;  
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear  
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

1687.

—*Congreve.*

CXCVII.

SONNET ON DEATH.\*

WHAT has this bugbear death that's worth our care?

After a life of pain and sorrow past,  
After deluding hopes and dire despair,

Death only gives us quiet at the last;  
How strangely are our love and hate misplaced!  
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee,

Courting those tyrant-sins that chain us fast,  
And shunning death that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains—  
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from  
stains?)

That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see;

'Tis not the loss of riches or of fame,  
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name,  
'Tis nothing, Celia, but the losing thee! —*Walsh.*

---

\* The only sonnet between those by Milton and Gray's sonnet the death of West (1742),—and how feeble!



## CXCVIII.

## ON MILTON.

UNDER PORTRAIT OF MILTON IN THE 4TH EDITION OF  
'PARADISE LOST,' 1688.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;  
The next in majesty ; in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go ;  
To make a third she joined the former two. —*Dryden*.

## CXCIX.

FROM HORACE, ODES, iii. 29.\*

HAPPY the man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call to-day his own ;  
He who, secure within, can say,  
To-morrow do thy worst for I have lived to-day ;  
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,  
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine ;  
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,  
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy  
Does man, her slave, oppress,  
Proud of her office to destroy,  
Is seldom pleased to bless ;  
Still various and unconstant still,  
But with an inclination to be ill,  
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
And makes a lottery of life.  
I can enjoy her while she's kind :  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes the wings and will not stay,  
I puff the prostitute away ;  
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned ;

---

\* The three last stanzas out of 10.

Content with poverty, my soul I arm,  
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,  
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,  
If storms arise and clouds grow black,  
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?  
Then let the greedy merchant fear

For his ill-gotten gain;  
And pray to gods that do not hear,  
While the debating winds and billows bear  
His wealth into the main.

For me, secure from Fortune's blows,  
Secure of what I cannot lose,

In my small pinnace I can sail,  
Contemning all the blustering roar,  
And running with a merry gale  
With friendly stars my safety seek  
Within some little winding creek,  
And see the storm ashore.

—*Dryden*.

CC.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son;  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne;  
His valiant peers were placed around;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound  
(So should desert in arms be crowned);  
The lovely Thais by his side  
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

## 2.

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful choir,  
With flying fingers touched the lyre ;  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above,—  
Such is the power of mighty love !  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia prest,  
And while he sought her snowy breast ;  
Then round her slender waist he curled [world.  
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;  
A present deity, they shout around.  
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.  
With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

## 3.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung ;  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young ;  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums !  
Flushed with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face ;

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !  
Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain.  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## 4.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain,  
Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the  
slain.  
The master saw the madness rise ;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse ;  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood ;  
Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed,  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving in his altered soul  
The various turns of chance below ;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

## 5.

The mighty master smiled to see  
That love was in the next degree ;  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;  
For pity melts the mind to love. '

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures ;  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying :  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee ;

Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
So Love was crowned : but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

## 6.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head

As awaked from the dead ;

And, amazed, he stares around.

'Revenge, revenge,' Timotheus cries,

'See the Furies arise ;

See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand !  
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain.  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew ;  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods !  
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

7.

Thus, long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
While organs yet were mute,  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down !

—Dryden.

### BOOK III.

POPE TO THE DEATH OF COWPER.

(The Eighteenth Century )

#### SECTION I. (1700-1725).

CCI.

##### ODE ON SOLITUDE.\*

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years glide soft away,  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease  
Together mixed ; sweet recreation,  
And innocence which most does please,  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;  
Thus unlamented let me die,  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

—*Pope.*

---

\* Written when Pope was about twelve years old.

## CCII

## APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY, thou goddess heavenly bright,  
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;  
Eased of her load, Subjection grows more light,  
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;  
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores ;  
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !  
On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine ;  
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil ;  
We envy not the warmer clime that lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies ;  
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine ;  
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,  
And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;  
And nicer touch to the stretched canvas give,  
Or teach their animated rocks to live ;  
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate  
And hold in balance each contending state,  
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,



- . And answer her afflicted neighbours' prayer ;  
 The Dane and Swede roused up by fierce alarms  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms ;  
 Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hushed in peace.  
 1701. —From *Addison's Letter from Italy*.

CCIII.

OPENING LINES OF THE *TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN*.

WHEREVER God erects a house of prayer  
 The devil always builds a chapel there ;  
 And 'twill be found, upon examination,  
 The latter has the largest congregation ;  
 For ever since he first debauched the mind  
 He made a perfect conquest of mankind.  
 With uniformity of service, he  
 Reigns with a general aristocracy.  
 No nonconforming sects disturb his reign,  
 For of his yoke there's very few complain ;  
 He knows the genius and the inclination,  
 And matches proper sins for every nation.  
 He needs no standing army government ;  
 He always rules us by our own consent ;  
 His laws are easy, and his gentle sway  
 Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.  
 The list of his vice-gerents and commanders  
 Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders ;  
 They never fail of his infernal aid,  
 And he's as certain ne'er to be betrayed.  
 Through all the world they spread his vast command,  
 And Death's eternal empire is maintained.  
 —*Defoe*,

## CCIV.

## A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover  
You wish fair winds may waft him over.  
Alas ! what winds can happy prove  
That bear me far from what I love ?  
Alas ! what dangers on the main  
Can equal those that I sustain  
From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose  
To wish the wildest tempests loose ;  
That thrown again upon the coast,  
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,  
I may once more repeat my pain ;  
Once more in dying notes complain  
Of slighted vows and cold disdain. —*Prior.*

## CCV.

## THE SIMILE OF THE ANGEL.\*

METHINKS I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,  
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
'Twas then great Marlboro's mighty soul was proved,  
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,

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\* 'The simile of the Angel, said in the *Tatler* to be one of the noblest thoughts that ever entered into the heart of man.'—Johnson's *Life of Addison*. 'That good Angel flew off with Mr. Addison and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals. O, Angel visits, you come few and far between to literary gentlemen's lodgings!'—Thackeray.

Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

So when an Angel, by divine command,  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,  
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

1704.

—Addison, *The Campaign*.

CCVI.

FROM THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing!  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.  
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,  
While from the bounded level of our mind  
Short views we take nor see the lengths behind;  
But more advanced behold with strange surprise  
New distant scenes of endless science rise.  
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;  
But those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labours of the lengthened way,  
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! . . . †  
But most by numbers judge a poet's song,

\* See Drayton's *Of Poets and Poesy*, line 78.

† 'The comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps is perhaps the best that English poetry can show.'—Johnson's *Life of Pope*. But Headley in his *Select Beauties* notes that the simile was anticipated by Drummond.

As smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong ;  
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,  
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair  
Not for the doctrine but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,  
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;  
While expletives their feeble aid do join ;  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;  
While they ring round the same unvaried chimeſ,  
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;  
Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'  
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees' ;  
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'  
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with 'sleep' ;  
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length  
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;  
And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness  
join.

True ease in writing comes from art not chance.  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance,  
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense ;  
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar ;

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to  
throw,

The line too labours and the words move slow ;  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the  
main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise !  
While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,  
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow ;  
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !  
The power of music all our hearts allow,  
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

1711.

—*Pope.*

## CCVII.

## TO A TREE.

FAIR Tree ! for thy delightful shade  
'Tis just that some return be made ;  
Sure some return is due from me  
To thy cool shadows and to thee.  
When thou to birds dost shelter give  
Thou music dost from them receive ;  
If travellers beneath thee stay  
Till storms have worn themselves away,  
That time in praising thee they spend,  
And thy protecting power commend ;  
The shepherd here, from scorching freed,  
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed,  
Whilst his loved nymph in thanks bestows  
Her flowery chaplets on thy boughs.

Shall I then only silent be,  
And no return be made by me ?  
No ! let this wish upon me wait,  
And still to flourish be thy fate,  
To future ages may'st thou stand  
Untouched by the rash workman's hand,  
Till that large stock of sap is spent  
Which gives thy summer's ornament ;  
Till the fierce winds, that vainly strive  
To shock thy greatness whilst alive,  
Shall on thy lifeless hour attend,  
Prevent the axe and grace thy end,  
Their scattered strength together call,  
And to the clouds proclaim thy fall,  
Who then their evening dews may spare,  
When thou no longer art their care,  
But shalt, like ancient heroes, burn,  
And some bright hearth be made thy urn.

1713.

—*Lady Winchilsea.*

## CCVIII.

## SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so ! Plato, thou reasonest well,  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself and startles at destruction ?  
—'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity !—thou pleasing, dreadful thought !  
Through what variety of untried being—  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold :—If there's a Power above us  
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But—when?—or where?—*This* world was made for  
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed ; my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end,  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But *thou* shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.  
1713. —*Addison's Cato.*

## CCIX.

## A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.\*

In such a night, when every louder wind  
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,  
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,  
. And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings,  
Or from some tree, framed for the owl's delight,

---

\* 'Excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature.'—Wordsworth, *Lyrical Ballads*, 1815.

She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer right,—  
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,  
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face.  
When in some river, overhung with green,  
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen,  
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,  
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,  
Whence spring the woodbine and the bramble-rose,  
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows,  
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,  
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes,  
Where scattered glowworms,—but in twilight fine,  
Show trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine,  
While Salisbury stands the test of every light,  
In perfect charms and perfect beauty bright ;  
When odours, which declined repelling day,  
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray ;  
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,  
And falling waters we distinctly hear ;  
When through the gloom more venerable shows  
Some ancient fabric awful in repose ;  
While sunburned hills their swarthy looks conceal,  
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale ;  
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,  
Comes slowly grazing thro' the adjoining meads,  
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,  
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear ;  
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,  
And unmolested kine rechew the cud ;  
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,  
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls ;  
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,  
Which but endures whilst tyrant Man doth sleep ;  
When a sedate content the spirit feels,



And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;  
But silent musings urge the mind to seek  
Something too high for syllables to speak;  
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,  
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,  
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,  
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own;  
In such a night let me abroad remain,  
Till morning breaks and all's confused again;  
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,  
Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

1713. —*Lady Winchelsea.*

CCX.

## FROM THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nor with more glories, in the ethereal plain,  
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams,  
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,  
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,  
But every eye was fixed on her alone.  
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore,  
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.  
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.  
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,

Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind,  
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck  
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck ;  
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
With hairy springes we the birds betray,  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;  
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

1714.

CCXI.

HORACE, *ODES*, iv. 9.

ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

VIRTUE concealed within our breast  
Is inactivity at best ;  
But never shall the Muse endure  
To let your virtues lie obscure ;  
Or suffer Envy to conceal  
Your labours for the public weal.  
Within your breast all wisdom lies,  
Either to govern or advise ;  
Your steady soul preserves her frame,  
In good and evil times the same.  
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud,  
Stand in your sacred presence awed ;  
Your hand alone from gold abstains,  
Which drags the slavish world in chains.  
Him for a happy man I own,  
Whose fortune is not overgrown  
And happy he who wisely knows  
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows ;  
Or, if it please the powers divine,  
Can suffer want and not repine.

The man who infamy to shun  
Into the arms of death would run ;  
That man is ready to defend,  
With life, his country or his friend.

1718.

—Swift.

CCXII.

## EPISTLE TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS 'DIALOGUES ON MEDALS'.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years !  
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears !  
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !  
The very tombs now vanished like their dead !  
Imperial wonders raised on nation spoiled,  
Where mixed with slaves, the groaning martyr  
toiled ;

Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,  
Now drained a distant country of her floods ;  
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,  
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they !  
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,  
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.  
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.  
Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,  
Some buried marble half preserves a name ;  
That name the learned with fierce disputes pursue,  
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sighed ; she found it vain to trust  
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust ;  
Huge moles, whose shadow stretched from shore to  
shore,

Their ruins perished, and their place no more !  
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,  
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow *orb* each crowded conquest keeps,  
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.  
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;  
A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,  
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
Through climes and ages bears each form and name ;  
In one short view, subjected to our eye,  
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.  
With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,  
The inscription value, but the rust adore.  
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !  
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,  
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.  
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devoured,  
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scoured ;  
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,  
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine ;  
Touched by thy hand again Rome's glories shine ;  
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,  
And all her faded garlands bloom anew,  
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage,  
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage ;  
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,  
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?  
In living medals see her wars enrolled,  
And vanquished realms supply recording gold ?  
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;  
There warriors frowning in historic brass ;

Then future ages with delight shall see  
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;  
 Or in fair series laurelled bards be shown,  
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.  
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)  
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;  
 With aspect open shall erect his head,  
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read:—

‘Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
 In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
 Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
 Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;  
 Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
 And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved’.

1720.

—*Pope.*

## CCXIII.

## ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

## TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,  
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid;  
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.  
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires?  
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;  
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave  
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!  
 How silent did his old companions tread,  
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!  
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;  
 The pealing organ,\* and the pausing choir;

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\* Cf. 'pealing anthem,' Gray's *Elegy*.

The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid ;  
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed !  
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,  
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu ;  
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montagu !

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,  
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine,  
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,  
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;  
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,  
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,  
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,  
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone  
(Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown)  
Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
What worthies form the hallowed mould below ;  
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;  
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;  
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;  
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;  
And saints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.  
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,  
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,  
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,  
What new employments please th' unbodied mind ?  
A wingèd Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,  
From world to world unwearied does he fly,

.Or curious trace the long laborious maze  
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ?  
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell ?  
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow  
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?  
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?  
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,  
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend !  
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,  
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,  
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,  
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;  
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so the heavens decree,  
Must still be loved and still deplored by me)  
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes  
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight ;  
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,  
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there ;  
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,  
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;  
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,  
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song ;  
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,  
A candid censor, and a friend severe ;  
There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high  
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.\*

## CCXIV.

IMITATION OF HORACE, *SATIRES*, ii. 6.

I'VE often wished that I had clear  
For life six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end,  
A terrace-walk, and half a rood  
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,  
I ask not to increase my store ;  
But here a grievance seems to lie,  
All this is mine but till I die ;  
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,  
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat  
By any trick or any fault ;  
And if I pray by reason's rules,  
And not like forty other fools,  
As thus, Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker,  
To grant me this and t' other acre ;  
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,  
Direct my plough to find a treasure !  
But only what my station fits,  
And to be kept at my right wits ;  
Preserve, Almighty Providence !  
Just what you gave me, competence,  
And let me in these shades compose  
Something in verse as true as prose.  
Removed from all ambitious scene,  
Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen.



## CCXV.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING  
IN AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides, and virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense  
The pedantry of courts and schools ;

There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;  
The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

—*Berkeley.*

## SECTION II. (1726-1744).

## CCXVI.

## A SNOW SCENE.

THE keener tempests come ; and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white,  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping the labourer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man

His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,  
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.  
1726. —*Thomson's Winter.*

## CCXVII.

## GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,  
Who, the purple evening, lie  
On the mountain's lonely van,  
Beyond the noise of busy man ;  
Painting fair the form of things.  
While the yellow linnet sings ;  
Or the tuneful nightingale  
Charms the forest with her tale ;  
Come, with all thy various hues,  
Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;  
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,  
Gives lustre to the land and sky !  
Grongar Hill invites my song,  
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;

Grongar, in whose mossy cells,  
Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells ;  
Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
For the modest Muses made ;  
So oft I have, the evening still,  
At the fountain of a rill,  
Sat upon a flowery bed,  
With my hand beneath my head ;  
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead, and over wood,  
From house to house, from hill to hill,  
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,  
And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
And groves, and grottos where I lay,  
And vistas shooting beams of day ;  
Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
As circles on a smooth canal ;  
The mountains round, unhappy fate,  
Sooner or later, of all height,  
Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise ;  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,  
What a landscape lies below !  
No clouds, no vapours intervene,  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of nature show,  
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly towering in the skies !  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires !  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads !  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks !  
Below me trees unnumbered rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes ;  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir, that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.  
And beyond the purple grove,  
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !  
Gaudy as the opening dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wandering eye !  
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
His sides are clothed with waving wood,  
And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below ;  
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps,  
So both a safety from the wind  
On mutual dependence find.  
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;  
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;  
And there the fox securely feeds,  
And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;  
While, ever and anon, there falls

Huge heaps of hoary moulded walls.  
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,  
And level lays the lofty brow,  
Has seen this broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state ;  
But transient is the smile of fate !  
A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life to endless sleep !  
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,  
To instruct our wandering thought ;  
Thus she dresses green and gay,  
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view ?  
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
The woody valleys, warm and low ;  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky !  
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower ;  
The town and village, dome and farm,  
Each give each a double charm,  
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,  
Where the prospect opens wide,  
Where the evening gilds the tide,

How close and small the hedges lie!  
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!  
•A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
So little distant dangers seem;  
So we mistake the future's face,  
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;  
As yon summits soft and fair,  
Clad in colours of the air,  
Which to those who journey near,  
Barren, brown, and rough appear;  
Still we tread the same coarse way,  
The present's still a cloudy day.\*

O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see!  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tamed, my wishes laid  
For while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul;  
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain turf I lie;  
While the wanton zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings;  
While the waters murmur deep,  
While the shepherd charms his sheep,  
While the birds unbounded fly,  
And with music fill the sky;  
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;  
Search for Peace with all your skill;  
Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor;

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\* With lines 120-128 cf. Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, 1-14.

In vain you search, she is not there ;  
In vain you search the domes of care !  
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads,  
Along with Pleasure close allied,  
Ever by each other's side !  
And often, by the murmuring rill,  
Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

1726.

—Dyer.

## CCXVIII.

## THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.  
The child whom many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care.  
'Tis thus in friendship ; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,  
Complied with everything, like GAY,  
Was known by all the bestial train  
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.  
Her care was never to offend,  
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies ;  
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;  
She hears the near advance of death ;  
She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
And measures back her mazy round ;  
Till fainting in the public way,  
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.



What transport in her bosom grew,  
When first the Horse appeared in view !  
' Let me,' said she, ' your back ascend,  
And owe my safety to a friend.  
You know my feet betray my flight ;  
To friendship every burden's light.'  
The Horse replied : ' Poor honest Puss,  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;  
Be comforted ; relief is near,  
For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately Bull implored,  
And thus replied the mighty lord :  
' Since every beast alive can tell  
That I sincerely wish you well,  
I may, without offence, pretend  
To take the freedom of a friend.  
Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow  
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;  
And when a lady's in the case,  
You know, all other things give place.  
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;  
But see, the Goat is just behind.'

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,  
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;  
' My back,' says he, ' may do you harm ;  
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm '.

The Sheep was feeble, and complained  
His sides a load of wool sustained ;  
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,  
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,  
To save from death a friend distressed.  
' Shall I,' says he, ' of tender age,  
In this important care engage ?

Older and abler passed you by ;  
How strong are those, how weak am I !  
Should I presume to bear you hence,  
Those friends of mine may take offence.  
Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;  
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.  
How shall we all lament !—Adieu,  
For see, the hounds are just in view ! ’

1727.

—Gay.

## CCXIX.

FROM THE *ESSAY ON MAN*.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
All but the page prescribed, their present state ;  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,  
Or who could suffer being here below ?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.  
Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;  
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.  
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind ;  
His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;  
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;  
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
To be, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,  
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;  
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,  
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much ;  
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;  
If man alone engross not heaven's high care,  
Alone made perfect here, immortal there ;  
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
Rejudge his justice, be the God of God.  
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.  
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell ;  
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel ;  
And who but wishes to invert the laws  
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.—*Ep. i.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;  
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.  
'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?'  
I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool.  
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,  
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,  
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings ;  
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece ;  
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,  
Count me those only who were good and great.  
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,  
Go ! and pretend your family is young,  
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?  
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness lies,  
Where, but among the heroes and the wise ?  
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;  
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,  
Or make, an enemy of all mankind !  
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.  
No less alike the politic and wise ;  
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes ;  
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,  
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;  
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great ;  
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.  
What's fame, a fancied life in other's breath,  
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.  
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown  
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.  
All that we feel of it begins and ends  
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;  
To all beside as much an empty shade,  
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;  
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,  
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.  
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
As justice tears his body from the grave ;  
When what t' oblivion better were resigned,  
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.  
All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;  
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart ;  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;  
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. . . .

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),  
'Virtue alone is happiness below'.

The only point where human bliss stands still,  
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;

Where only merit constant pay receives,  
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;  
 The joy unequalled if its end it gain,  
 And if it lose, attended with no pain ;  
 Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,  
 And but more relished as the more distressed ;  
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,  
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears ;  
 Good, from each object, from each place acquired,  
 For ever exercised, yet never tired ;  
 Never elated, while one man's oppressed ;  
 Never dejected, while another's blessed ;  
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.—*Ep.* iv.

1732.

—*Pope.*

CCXX.

## FROM VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. †

PERHAPS I may allow the Dean  
 Had too much satire in his vein ;  
 And seemed determined not to starve it,  
 Because no age could more deserve it.  
 Yet malice never was his aim ;  
 He lashed the vice, but spared the name ;  
 No individual could resent,  
 Where thousands equally were meant ;  
 His satire points at no defect,  
 But what all mortals may correct ;  
 For he abhorred that senseless tribe  
 Who call it humour when they gibe ;  
 He spared a hump, or crooked nose,

\* 'The most complete, concise, and lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words.'—Ruskin.

† Written by Swift in 1731, published surreptitiously and imperfectly (202 lines) in 1733, published in 1739 (375 lines), and published by Swift in Dublin, 1739 (545 lines).

Whose owners set not up for beaux.  
True genuine dulness moved his pity,  
Unless it offered to be witty.  
Those who their ignorance confest,  
He ne'er offended with a jest ;  
But laughed to hear an idiot quote  
A verse from Horace learned by rote. . . .  
He gave the little wealth he had  
To build a house for fools and mad ;  
And showed by one satiric touch,  
No nation wanted it so much. —*Swift*.

## CCXXI.

## POPE ON ADDISON.

PEACE to all such ! but were there one whose fires  
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;  
Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;  
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,  
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;  
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,  
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;  
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
And sit attentive to his own applause ;  
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

1735.

*—Prologue to the Satires.*

CCXXII.

FROM THE *SPLEEN*.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,  
Some recommend the bowling-green ;  
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;  
Fling but a stone, the giant dies,  
Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been  
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;  
And kitten, if the humour hit,  
Has harlequined away the fit. . . .

Forced by soft violence of prayer,  
The blithesome goddess soothes my care,  
I feel the deity inspire,  
And thus she models my desire :—  
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
Annuity securely made,  
A farm some twenty miles from town,  
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;  
Two maids, that never saw the town,  
A serving-man not quite a clown,  
A boy to help to tread the mow,  
And drive, while t' other holds the plough ;  
A chief, of temper formed to please,  
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;  
And better to preserve the peace,  
Commissioned by the name of niece ;  
With understandings of a size  
To think their master very wise.  
May heaven (it's all I wish for) send  
One genial room to treat a friend,  
Where decent cupboard, little plate,



Display benevolence, not state.  
And may my humble dwelling stand  
Upon some chosen spot of land,  
A pond before, full to the brim,  
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;  
Behind, a green like velvet neat,  
Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;  
Where odorous plants in evening fair  
Breathe all around ambrosial air  
From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,  
Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,  
Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,  
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;  
With opening views of hill and dale,  
Which sense and fancy too regale,  
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
Like amphitheatre surrounds ;  
And woods impervious to the breeze,  
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
From hills through plains in dusk array  
Extended far, repel the day. . . .

Thus sheltered, free from care and strife,  
May I enjoy a calm through life ;  
See faction, safe in low degree,  
As men at land see storms at sea,  
And laugh at miserable elves,  
Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,  
As can possess, but not enjoy ;  
Debarred the pleasure to impart  
By avarice, sphincter of the heart ;  
Who wealth, hard earned by guilty cares,  
Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs.  
May I, with look ungloomed by guile,

And wearing Virtue's livery-smile,  
Prone the distressed to relieve,  
And little trespasses forgive,  
With income not in Fortune's power,  
And skill to make a busy hour,  
With trips to town life to amuse,  
To purchase books, and hear the news,  
To see old friends, brush off the clown,  
And quicken taste at coming down,  
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,  
And slowly mellowing in age,  
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,  
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,  
Quit a worn being without pain,  
Perhaps to blossom soon again. . . .

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail  
On even keel with gentle gale ;  
At helm I make my reason sit,  
My crew of passions all submit.  
If dark and blustering prove some nights,  
Philosophy puts forth her lights ;  
Experience holds the cautious glass,  
To shun the breakers, as I pass,  
And frequent throws the wary lead,  
To see what dangers may be hid ;  
And once in seven years I'm seen  
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.  
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way ;  
With store sufficient for relief,  
And wisely still prepared to reef,  
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl  
Of cloudy weather in the soul,  
I make (may heaven propitious send

Such wind and weather to the end)  
Neither becalmed, nor over-blown,  
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

1737.

—*Green.*

CCXXIII.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

WRITTEN ON THE TAKING OF CARTHAGENA FROM THE  
SPANIARDS, 1739.

As near Portobello lying  
On the gently swelling flood,  
At midnight, with streamers flying,  
Our triumphant navy rode ;  
There, while Vernon sat all-glorious  
From the Spaniards' late defeat,  
And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
Drank success to England's fleet ;  
On a sudden, shrilly sounding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;  
Then, each heart with fear confounding,  
A sad troop of ghosts appeared ;  
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
Which for winding-sheets they wore,  
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,  
Frowning on that hostile shore.  
On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,  
When the shade of Hosier \* brave  
His pale bands were seen to muster,  
Rising from their watery grave ;  
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,  
Where the Burford reared her sail,

---

\* In 1726 Admiral Hosier was sent with a strong fleet to the West Indies to block up the Spanish vessels there: but owing to his orders he had to lie inactive, and, instead of fighting the enemy, most of his men died of disease, and he himself of a broken heart.

With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
And in groans did Vernon hail :—

‘ Heed, oh heed our fatal story !  
I am Hosier’s injured ghost ;  
You, who now have purchased glory  
At this place where I was lost ;  
Though in Portobello’s ruin  
You now triumph free from fears,  
When you think on my undoing,  
You will mix your joys with tears.

‘ See these mournful spectres weeping  
Ghastly o’er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping  
These were English captains brave.  
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,  
Who were once my sailors bold ;  
Lo ! each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told.

‘ I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did this Spanish town affright ;  
Nothing then its wealth defended,  
But my orders—not to fight !  
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obeyed my heart’s warm motion,  
To have quelled the pride of Spain !

‘ For resistance I could fear none ;  
But with twenty ships had done  
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast achieved with six alone.  
Then the Bastimentos never  
Had our foul dishonour seen,

Nor the seas the sad receiver  
Of this gallant train had been.

‘ Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
And her galleons leading home,  
Though condemned for disobeying,  
I had met a traitor’s doom ;  
To have fallen, my country crying,  
“ He has played an English part,”  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a grieved and broken heart.

‘ Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms we hail ;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hosier’s wrongs prevail.  
Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
Think what thousands fell in vain,  
Wasted with disease and anguish,  
Not in glorious battle slain.

‘ Hence with all my train attending,  
From their oozy tombs below,  
Through the hoary foam ascending,  
Here I feed my constant woe.  
Here the Bastimentos viewing,  
We recall our shameful doom,  
And, our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander through the midnight gloom.

‘ O’er these waves for ever mourning  
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,  
If, to Britain’s shores returning,  
You neglect my just request ;  
After this proud foe subduing,  
When your patriot friends you see,

Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England—shamed in me.’

—*Glover.*

CCXXIV.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven’s command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of her land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain :—  
Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !  
Britons never shall be slaves !  
The nations not so blest as thee  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;  
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Thee haughty tyrants ne’er shall tame ;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
And work their woe and thy renown.  
To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine !  
The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—  
Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !  
Britons never shall be slaves !

1740.

—*Thomson’s Alfred.*

## CCXXV.

## TO A FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I !  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Could'st thou sip and sip it up ;  
Make the most of life you may ;  
Life is short and wears away !  
Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hastening quick to their decline ;—  
Thine's a summer ; mine no more,  
Though repeated to three-score ;—  
Three-score summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one ! —*Oldys.*

## CCXXVI.

## GRASP YOUR NETTLE.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN SCOTLAND.

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle  
And it stings you for your pains ;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.  
'Tis the same with common natures,  
Use them kindly they rebel ;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues obey you well. —*Hill.*

## CCXXVII.

WRITTEN AT AN INN, AT HENLEY, 1741.

To thee, fair Freedom ! I retire,  
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din ;  
Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
Than the low cot or humble inn.  
'Tis here with boundless power I reign,  
And every health which I begin  
Converts dull port to bright champagne ;  
Such Freedom crowns it at an inn,

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin ;  
Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
And choose my lodgings at an inn.  
Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,  
Which lackeys else might hope to win ;  
It buys what courts have not in store,  
It buys me Freedom at an inn.  
And now once more I shape my way  
Through rain or shine, through thick or thin,  
Secure to meet, at close of day,  
With kind reception—at an inn.  
Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think how oft he found  
The warmest welcome at an inn !

—*Shenstone*.\*

CCXXVIII.

FROM THE *SCHOOL-MISTRESS*.|

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

AH me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies ;  
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise ;  
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise ;  
Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try  
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies  
Such as I oft have chanced to espy  
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.  
In every village marked with little spire,  
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,

---

\* From Dodsley's *Collection*.

† Out of thirty-five stanzas.



There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;  
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;  
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconnded, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
Which Learning near her little dome did stow;  
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,  
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;  
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low.  
And as they looked they found their horror grew,  
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)  
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;  
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;  
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;  
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy  
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!  
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,  
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
On which the tribe their gambols do display;  
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,  
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;  
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day.  
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,  
Do Learning's little tenement betray;

Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,  
And eyes her airy-throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;  
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,  
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field,  
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield  
Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwined,  
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled ;  
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,  
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind. . .

In elbow chair (like that of Scottish stem,  
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,  
In which, when he receives his diadem,  
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,)  
The matron sate ; and some with rank she graced,  
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)  
Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there passed ;  
And warned them not the fretful to deride,  
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;  
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;  
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,  
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;  
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays,  
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,  
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;  
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,  
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Low now with state she utters the command !  
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;  
Their books of stature small they take in hand,

Which with pellucid horn securéd are,  
To save from finger wet the letters fair ;  
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
St. George's high achievements does declare ;  
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight I ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write ;  
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,  
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
To loose the brogues,\* the stripling's late delight !  
And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,  
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure,  
His little sister doth his peril see ;  
All playful as she sate, she grows demure ;  
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;  
She meditates a prayer to set him free ;  
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,  
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;  
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,  
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !  
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)

---

\* An old word for breeks, trousers ; it occurs in one of Coleridge's sonnets quoted in his *Biographia Literaria*, chap. i.

She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;  
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?  
Or what device his loud laments explain ?  
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?  
The plenteous shower that does his cheek disdain ?  
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,  
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;  
Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke  
proclaim. . . .

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show  
A little bench of heedless bishops here,\*  
And there a chancellor in embryo,  
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die !  
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,  
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,  
Wisheth, poor starveling elf ! his paper-kite may fly.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,  
And liberty unbars their prison-door ;  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er  
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.  
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore !  
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,  
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

---

\* Compare stanza 15 of Gray's *Elegy*.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,  
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers ;  
For, when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,  
Oh ! never may ye taste more careless hours  
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.  
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !  
But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers ;  
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.  
1742. —Shenstone.

## CCXXIX.

## SONNET ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire ;  
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;  
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire ;  
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;  
A different object do these eyes require ;  
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;  
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.  
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;  
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;  
To warm their little loves the birds complain ;  
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.  
—Gray.

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\* Written August, 1742, published in Mason's *Memoirs and Writings of Gray*, 1775. This sonnet possesses an additional interest from the use made of it by Wordsworth in the Preface to his *Lyrical Ballads*, and Coleridge's comments on his criticism, *Biog. Lit.*, xviii.

## CCXXX.

## HOPE.\*

My banks they are furnished with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;  
My grottos are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white-over with sheep.  
I seldom have met with a loss,  
Such health do my fountains bestow ;  
My fountains all bordered with moss,  
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.  
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;  
Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.  
Not my fields in the prime of the year  
More charms than my cattle unfold ;  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.  
One would think she might like to retire  
To the bower I have laboured to rear ;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hasted and planted it there.  
O how sudden the jessamine strove  
With the lilac to render it gay !  
Already it calls for my love  
To prune the wild branches away.  
From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,  
What strains of wild melody flow !  
How the nightingales warble their loves,  
From thickets of roses that blow !  
And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
In a concert so soft and so clear,  
As—she may not be fond to resign.

---

\* From *A Pastoral Ballad, in four parts, Absence, Hope, Solitude, and Disappointment*. Written in 1733.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed,  
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;  
And I loved her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
How that pity was due to a dove,  
That it ever attended the bold,  
And she called it the sister of Love.  
But her words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
Unmoved when her Corydon sighs ?  
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
These plains and this valley despise ?  
Dear regions of silence and shade ;  
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !  
Where I could have pleasingly strayed,  
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray ?  
And where are her grots and her bowers ?  
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?  
The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
And the face of the valley as fine ;  
The swains may in manners compare,  
But their love is not equal to mine. —*Shenstone.*

## CCXXXI.

## NIGHT THOUGHTS.\*

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep !  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose  
I wake ; how happy they who wake no more !  
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.  
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous ; where my wrecked desponding thought  
From wave to wave of fancied misery  
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.  
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—  
A bitter change !—severer for severe ;  
The day too short for my distress ; and Night,  
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,  
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.  
Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound !  
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds ;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,  
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.  
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled ;  
Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

—Young.

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\* These are the opening lines of Young's long didactic poem consisting of nine Books or *Nights*, published 1742-1744.



## CCXXXII.

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Is it, that life hath sown her joys so thick  
We can't thrust in a single care between ?  
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares  
The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?  
Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,  
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream ?  
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats ;  
We take the lying sister for the same  
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook ;  
For ever changing, unperceived the change.  
In the same brook none ever bathed him twice,  
To the same life none ever twice awoke.  
We call the brook the same . the same we think  
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow ;  
Nor mark the much, irrevocably lapsed  
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say  
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)  
That life is like a vessel on the stream ?  
In life embarked we smoothly down the tide  
Of time descend, but not on time intent,  
Amused, unconscious of the gliding wave ;  
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock ,  
We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?  
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

—*Young's Night Thoughts*, iv.

## SECTION III. (1746-1757).

## CCXXXIII.

ODE WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest !  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there ! — *Collins*.

## CCXXXIV.

FROM THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.\*

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;  
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;  
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

---

\* In imitation of *The Faery Queene*. These are the first six stanzas. There are seventy-seven stanzas in canto i. and seventy-nine in canto ii.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half pranked with spring, with summer half en-  
browned,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.  
Was nought around but images of rest ;  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ,  
And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence kest,  
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,  
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,  
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;  
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur  
made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;  
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,  
Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.~  
Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,  
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move.

---

\* See Wordsworth's *Sonnet to Sleep*, p. 401.

As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood ;  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;  
And where this valley winded out, below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,  
to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer-sky ;  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast ;  
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;  
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,  
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

1746.

—*Thomson.*

## CCXXXV.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, AT THE  
OPENING OF THE THEATRE IN DRURY LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes  
First reared the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;  
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new ;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toiled after him in vain ;  
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impressed,  
And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule ;  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach essayed the heart ;

Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,  
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.  
A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespere's flame ;  
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.  
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;  
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.  
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,  
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days ;  
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,  
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long ;  
Till Shame regained the post that Sense betrayed,  
And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,  
For years the power of Tragedy declined ;  
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion slept ;  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread ;  
Philosophy remained, though Nature fled ;  
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,  
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit ;  
Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,  
And pantomime and song confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
And mark the future periods of the Stage ?  
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,  
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store ;  
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,  
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride ;  
Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance ?—  
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that, here by fortune placed,  
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste,  
With every meteor of caprice must play,  
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.  
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,  
The stage but echoes back the public voice;  
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;  
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence  
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;  
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,  
For useful mirth and salutary woe,  
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

—*Johnson.*

CCXXXVI.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales;  
O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
With brede\* ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed;  
Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,†

---

\* Braid, border.

† Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, 6.

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;  
Now teach me, Maid composed,  
To breathe some softened strain,  
Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return !

For, when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
Who slept in buds the day,  
And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with  
sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;  
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.\*

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet,† be mine the hut,  
That, from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

---

\* Another version of lines 28-32 is :—

‘ Then lead, calm Votress, where some sheeted lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,  
Or upland fallows gray  
Reflect its last cool gleam ’.

† See *Il Penseroso*, 155.

Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves :  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name ! —*Collins.*

CCXXXVII.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's \* holy shade ;  
And ye that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,  
Ah fields beloved in vain,  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain !

---

\* King Henry VI., founder of the college.



I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green  
The paths of pleasure trace ;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?  
The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent  
Their murmuring labours ply,  
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty ;  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry ;  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd ;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast ;  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever-new,

And lively cheer of vigour born ;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play !  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day ;  
Yet see how all around 'em wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train.  
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
To seize their prey, the murderous band !  
Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that skulks behind ;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,

And moody Madness laughing wild \*  
Amidst severest woe.  
Lo ! in the vale of years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen ;  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every labouring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage ;  
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow-consuming Age.  
To each his sufferings ; all are men,  
Condemned alike to groan,  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.  
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?  
Since Sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies ;  
Thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise. —Gray.

## CCXXXVIII.

## THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.†

As, by some tyrant's stern command,  
A wretch forsakes his native land,  
In foreign climes condemned to roam,  
An endless exile from his home ;  
Pensive he treads the destined way,  
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay ;

---

\* 'And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.'—Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, ii. 43.† Written in 1744 ; published in Dodsley's *Collection*, 1748.

Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow  
He stops, and turns his eyes below ;  
There, melting at the well-known view,  
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu ;  
So I, thus doomed from thee to part ;  
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,  
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,  
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,  
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,  
How blithesome were we wont to rove  
By verdant hill, or shady grove,  
Where fervent bees with humming voice  
Around the honeyed oak rejoice,  
And aged elms with awful bend  
In long cathedral walks extend !  
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,  
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,  
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,  
In sweet society with thee !  
Then all was joyous, all was young,  
And years unheeded rolled along.

But now the pleasing dream is o'er,  
These scenes must charm me now no more ;  
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—  
Farewell ! a long, a last adieu !

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,  
To smoke and crowds and cities draw ;  
There selfish faction rules the day,  
And pride and avarice throng the way ;  
Diseases taint the murky air,  
And midnight conflagrations glare.  
Loose revelry and riot hold  
In frightened streets their orgies hold ;

Or, when in silence all is drowned,  
Fell murder walks his nightly round ;  
No room for peace, no room for you ;  
Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu !

Shakespeare no more, thy sylvan son,  
Nor all the art of Addison,  
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,  
Nor Milton's mighty self must please.  
Instead of these a formal band  
In furs and coifs around me stand ;  
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,  
That grate the soul of harmony,  
Each pedant sage unlocks his store  
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore ;  
And points with tottering hand the ways  
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,  
Is Justice doomed to fix her seat ;  
There, fenced by bulwarks of the Law,  
She keeps the wondering world in awe ;  
And there, from vulgar sight retired,  
Like Eastern queens is more admired.

O let me pierce the secret shade  
Where dwells the venerable maid !  
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,  
The guardian of Britannia's Law ;  
Unfold with joy her sacred page,  
(The united boast of many an age,  
Where mixed, yet uniform, appears  
The wisdom of a thousand years)  
In that pure spring the bottom view,  
Clear, deep, and regularly true ;  
And other doctrines thence imbibe  
Than lurk within the sordid scribe ;

Observe how parts with parts unite  
In one harmonious rule of right ;  
See countless wheels distinctly tend  
By various laws to one great end ;  
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul  
Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,  
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,  
The vision wan, the pore-blind sight,  
The toil by day, the lamp at night,  
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,  
The pert dispute, the dull debate,  
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,  
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all !

Thus though my noon of life be past,  
Yet let my setting sun, at last,  
Find out the still, the rural cell,  
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell !  
There let me taste the homefelt bliss  
Of innocence, and inward peace ;  
Untainted by the guilty bribe,  
Uncursed amid the harpy-tribe ;  
No orphan's cry to wound my ear,  
My honour and my conscience clear,  
Thus may I calmly meet my end,  
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

—*Blackstone.*

CCXXXIX.

THE PASSIONS.\*

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,

---

\* An ode for music. Performed at Oxford, 1750.

Thronged around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting.  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of sound ;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First *Fear* his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next *Anger* rushed ; his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan *Despair*—  
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled ; -  
A solemn, strange and mingled air,  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, *O Hope*, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure ?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !

Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still through all the song ;  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden  
hair.

And longer had she sung ;—but, with a frown,  
*Revenge* impatient rose ;  
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !  
And, ever and anon, he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected *Pity* at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from  
his head.

Thy numbers, *Jealousy*, to nought were fixed ;  
Sad proof of thy distressful state !

Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;  
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.  
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale *Melancholy* sat retired,  
And, from her wild sequestered seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.  
And dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;  
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,  
Round a holy calm diffusing, -  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.



But Oh ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,  
When *Cheerfulness*, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !  
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;  
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.  
Last came *Joy's* ecstatic trial ;  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;  
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;  
They would have thought who heard the strain,  
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound :  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.  
O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !  
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
As in that loved Athenian bower  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared !  
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age,  
E'en all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—  
O bid our vain endeavours cease ;  
Revive the just designs of Greece ;  
Return in all thy simple state !  
Confirm the tales her sons relate ! —Collins.

## CCXL.

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave ; \*  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.  
In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love through life the soothing shade.  
The maids and youths shall linger here,  
And while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.  
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,  
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest ;

---

\* The Thames.

And oft, suspend the dashing oar,  
To bid his gentle spirit rest :  
And oft, as Ease and Health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening spire.<sup>4</sup>  
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.  
But thou, who own'st that earthly bed.  
Ah ! what will every dirge avail :  
Or tears which Love and Pity shed.  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail ?  
Yet lives there one whose heedless eye  
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?  
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die.  
And Joy desert the blooming year  
But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,  
Now waft me from the green hill's side.  
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !  
And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
Dun night has veiled the solemn view !  
Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek nature's child, again adieu !  
The genial meads, assigned to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !  
There hinds and shepherd girls shall dress  
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.  
Long, long thy stone and pointed clay  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :  
' O vales, and wild woods,' shall he say.  
' In yonder grave your Druid lies !' — *Collins.*

---

\* Richmond Church, where Thomson was buried.

## CCXLI.

FROM THE *VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES*.\*

LET observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;  
Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,  
To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;  
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.  
How rarely Reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;  
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,  
Each gift of Nature, and each grace of Art,  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,  
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death. . . .

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?  
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?  
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?  
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise ?  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?  
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain  
Which Heaven may hear ; nor deem religion vain.

---

\* These are the first 20 and the last 26 lines out of 368,

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice ;  
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,  
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,  
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.  
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;  
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;  
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill :  
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat ;  
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain ;  
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain ;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

—Johnson.

CCXLII.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day, †  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

---

\* The *Elegy* was first published anonymously on 16th Feb., 1751, in a quarto pamphlet, price 6d., entitled, *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard*. It was begun at Stoke-Pogis in 1742, and finished in June, 1750. The churchyard is that of Stoke-Pogis in Buckinghamshire (a few miles from Eton and Windsor), and in it Gray himself was buried in the same grave as his mother on the 6th August, 1771. (See my Aldine edition of Gray's Poetical Works.)

† Gray quotes Dante as the original. Cary's translation is :—

'And pilgrim, newly on his road with love,  
Thrills if he hears the vesper bell from far,  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day'.

—Purgatory, viii. 4.

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.\*

The applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

---

\* In the original MS, the names are Cato, Tully and Cæsar,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,  
Their lot forbad ; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,



For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured Dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ; \*

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ; †  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

' One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,  
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

' The next with dirges due in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
borne.

---

\* In the original MS. the following stanza occurs after line 100 :—

' Him have we seen the greenwood side along,  
While o'er the heath we hied, our labours done,  
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,  
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun '.

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.\*

## THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;  
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,  
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his father and his God.

—Gray.

## CCXLIII.

EXTRACTS FROM *ENTHUSIASM*.†

WHAT is enthusiasm? What can it be,  
But thought enkindled to an high degree ?  
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,  
Right, or not right, with equal ardour burn.  
It must be therefore various in its kind,

---

\* In the original MS. there was the following stanza before the epitaph :—

‘ There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;  
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground ’.

It is printed in brackets in the fourth edition, 1751, and omitted from 1753.

† Out of 406 lines.

As objects vary, that engage the mind ;  
When to religion we confine the word,  
What use of language can be more absurd ?  
'Tis just as true, that many words beside,  
As love, or zeal, are only thus applied ;  
To every kind of life they all belong ;  
Men may be eager, tho' their views be wrong ;  
And hence the reason why the greatest foes  
To true religious earnestness are those  
Who fire their wits upon a different theme,  
Dèep in some false enthusiastic scheme. . . .

That which concerns us therefore is to see  
What species of enthusiasts we be ;  
On what materials the fiery source  
Of thinking life shall execute its force ;  
Whether a man shall stir up love, or hate,  
From the mixed medium of this present state ;  
Shall choose with upright heart and mind to rise,  
And reconnoitre Heaven's primeval skies :  
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,  
Brute for a time, and demon at its end.  
Neither perhaps, the wary sceptics cry,  
And wait till Nature's river shall run dry ;  
With sage reserve not passing o'er to good,  
Of time, lost time, are borne along the flood ;  
Content to think such thoughtless thinking right,  
And common sense enthusiastic flight. . . .

When true religion kindles up the fire,  
Who can condemn the vigorous desire,  
That burns to reach the end for which 't was given,  
To shine, and sparkle in its native Heaven ?

## CCXLIV.

## HYMN TO ADVERSITY.\*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
The bad affright, afflict the best !  
Bound in thy adamant chain  
The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.  
When first thy sire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, designed,  
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
And bade to form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore ;  
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,  
And, from her own, she learned to melt at others' woe.  
Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
And leave us leisure to be good.  
Light they disperse, and with them go  
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;  
By vain Prosperity received,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.  
Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,  
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,  
And Melancholy, silent maid  
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

---

\* In 1753 Dodsley published *Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray*. These were the *Ode on the Spring* and *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat* (second edition), *Eton Ode* (third edition), *A Long Story* and *Hymn to Adversity* (first edition), and the *Elegy*.

Still on thy solemn steps attend ;  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,  
 With Justice to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.  
 Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.  
 Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there,  
 To soften, not to wound my heart,  
 The generous spark extinct revive ; \*  
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.

1753.

—Gray.

CCXLV.

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνῶντα συνοροῖσιν.—Pindar, *Olymp.*, ii.

I. I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, † awake,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;

---

\* Supposed to be an allusion to Horace Walpole's quarrel with Gray.

† Not the *Æolian harp*, an instrument from which musical sounds are produced by the wind playing on it, so called from Æolus, god of the Winds; *Æolian lyre* is the lyre of Pindar, who styled his lyrics Æolian, from Æolis in Asia Minor.

The laughing flowers that round them blow  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

## I. 2.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War \*  
Has curbed the fury of his car,  
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing ;  
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

## I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Tempered to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green †  
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures ;

---

\* Ares, the Greek god of War, was said to live in Thrace. The 'feathered king' is the eagle.

† Venus, called *Idalia* from Idalium, a town in Cyprus, and *Cytherea* from Cythera, an island south of Laconia.

Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet ;  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare ;  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay ;  
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way ;  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

## II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !  
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !  
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
And justify the laws of Jove.  
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?  
Night and all her sickly dews,  
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
He gives to range the dreary sky ;  
Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of  
war.

## II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
In loose numbers wildly sweet,

Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

## II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering labyrinths creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around;  
Every shade and hallowed fountain  
Murmured deep a solemn sound;  
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

## III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
To him the mighty Mother did unveil  
Her awful face. The dauntless child  
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.  
'This pencil take' (she said); 'whose colours clear  
Richly paint the vernal year;

---

62. Cf.: 'Girt with feathered cincture'.—*Paradise Lost*, ix. 1116.  
66-68. Delphi was on Mount Parnassus The Ilissus flowed through Athens.



Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !  
This can unlock the gates of joy ;  
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

## III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of the abyss to spy.  
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time ;  
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race, [pace.  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding

## III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah ! 'tis heard no more—  
Oh lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now ? though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air ;

---

106. Cf. : ' Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join  
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,  
The long majestic march and energy divine '.

—Pope, *Epistles*, I. ii. 267.

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun ;  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.  
1755. —Gray.

## CCXLVI.

## THE BARD.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

The following ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.  
—Gray.

## I. 1.

' RUIN seize thee, ruthless king !  
Confusion on thy banners wait,  
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,  
They mock the air with idle state.  
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'  
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,  
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance ;  
' To arms !' cried Mortimer, and couched his quiver-  
ing lance.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair

Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air)  
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,  
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !  
O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,  
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;  
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day...  
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn

## I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hushed the stormy main ;  
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed ;  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head  
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale ;  
Far, far, aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;  
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.  
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—  
No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
I see them sit, they linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land ;  
With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

19. 'The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, one at Florence, the other at Paris.'—Gray.

28. *Hoel*, a famous bard, son of Owen, prince of North Wales. Cadwallo, Urien and Modred were Welsh bards of the sixth century.

## II. 1.

‘Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.  
Give ample room, and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.  
Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing King !

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs  
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait !  
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,  
And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

## II. 2.

‘Mighty Victor, mighty Lord !  
Low on his funeral couch he lies !  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable Warrior fled ?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born ?  
Gone to salute the rising Morn.  
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;  
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s sway,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

---

51. ‘I have a soul that like an ample shield  
Can take in all, and verge enough for more’.

—Dryden, *Don Sebastian*.

55. Edward II. was murdered in Berkley Castle. 57. *She-wolf of France*. Isabel of France, wife of Edward II, and mother of Edward III.

## II. 3.

‘ Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare,  
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast ;  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?  
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,  
And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,  
And spare the meek usurper’s holy head.  
Above, below, the rose of snow,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread ;  
The bristled boar in infant-gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
Now, brothers, bending o’er the accursed loom,  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

## III. 1.

‘ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate  
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
(The web is wove. The work is done.)’

---

67, 68. Edward the Black Prince, who died before his father.

71-76. Cf. the simile in the *Merchant of Venice*, from which this is borrowed : ‘ How like a younker or a prodigal,’ etc., ii. 6.

81. This refers to Richard II. having been starved to death. Lines 83-86 refer to the wars of the Roses. 87. Part of the Tower of London was said to have been built in the time of Julius Cæsar,

89. Margaret of Anjou and Henry V.

93. Richard III., a silver boar being his badge,

'Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn;  
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?  
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail;  
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

## III. 2.

'Girt with many a baron bold  
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old  
In bearded majesty, appear.  
In the midst a form divine!  
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;  
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.  
That strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
That strains of vocal transport round her play!  
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;  
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

---

110. 'Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.'—Gray.

By 'Britannia's issue' and 'Briton-line' he means of Welsh descent, the original Celts and Britons having been driven to Wales. The bard then sees in Elizabeth the Welsh line restored and a bardic era including Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

121. *Taliessin*, chief of the bards in the sixth century.

## III. 3.

‘ The verse adorn again  
Fierce War and faithful Love,  
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.  
In buskined measures move  
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,  
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;  
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
That lost in long futurity expire.  
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,  
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ?  
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
Enough for me. With joy I see  
The different doom our fates assign.  
Be thine despair, and sceptred care ;  
To triumph, and to die, are mine.’  
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height  
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.  
1757. —Gray.

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126. Spenser. “ Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.”—Proem to *The Faery Queene*.

128-130. Shakspeare. 131-132. Milton.

## SECTION IV. (1761-1797).

## CCXLVII.

## THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;  
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;  
No more with himself or with nature at war,  
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,  
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall;  
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn,  
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away;  
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays;  
But lately I marked, when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;  
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?  
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with  
dew;



Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,—  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?  
 ' 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 " O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,  
 " Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee ;  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;  
 From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free !"  
 ' And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,  
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are  
 blending,  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

—*Beattie.*

#### CCXLVIII.

#### CHURCHILL'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS MUSE.

ME, whom no muse of heavenly birth inspires,  
 No judgment tempers when rash genius fires,  
 Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,  
 Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,  
 Who cannot follow where trim Fancy leads  
 By ' prattling streams,' o'er ' flower-empurpled meads' ;  
 Who often, but without success, have prayed  
 For apt alliteration's artful aid ;

Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,  
Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill ; --  
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit  
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,  
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place  
Amongst the lowest of her favoured race !

—From *The Prophecy of Famine*.

CCXLIX.

REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.

'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,  
Where praise and censure are at random hurled,  
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,  
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul ;  
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,  
If all, if all, alas ! were well at home.  
No ! 'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,  
When she with more than tragic horror swells  
Each circumstance of guilt, when stern, but true,  
She brings bad actions forth into review ;  
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,  
Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call ;  
Armed at all points, bids scorpion Vengeance pass,  
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass,—  
The mind which starting heaves the heartfelt groan,  
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

—Churchill. From *The Conference*.

CCL.

DESCRIPTION OF DR. JOHNSON.

POMPOSO, insolent and loud,  
Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,  
Whose very name inspires an awe,  
Whose every word is sense and law ;

(For what his greatness hath decreed,  
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,  
Sacred through all the realms of Wit,  
Must never of repeal admit ;)

Who, cursing flattery, is the tool  
Of every fawning, flattering fool ;  
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,  
And sickens at another's praise ;  
Who, proudly seized of learning's throne,  
Now damns all learning but his own ;  
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,  
Reasoning, convincing, and persuading,  
But makes each sentence current pass  
With ' puppy,' ' coxcomb,' ' scoundrel,' ' ass ' ;  
(For 'tis with him a certain rule  
That folly's proved when he calls ' Fool ! ' )  
Who to increase his native strength  
Draws words six syllables in length,  
With which, assisted with a frown  
By way of club, he knocks us down. . . .  
His comrades' terrors to beguile,  
Grinned horribly a ghastly smile ;  
Features so horrid, were it light,  
Would put the devil himself to flight.

—Churchill. From *The Ghost*, bk. ii.

CCLI.

INDEPENDENCE.

NATURE I'll court in her sequestered haunts,  
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell ;  
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,  
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.  
There, Study shall with Solitude recline,  
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,

And Toil and Temperance sedately twine  
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains ;  
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,  
And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,  
And Industry supply the humble store,  
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed ;  
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,  
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;  
And Independence o'er the day preside,  
Propitious power ! my patron and my pride !

—*Sniollett.*

CCLII.

WHO CAN TELL HOW HARD IT IS TO CLIMB.\*

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;  
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And waged with Fortune an eternal war ;  
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,  
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,  
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown !  
  
And yet the languor of inglorious days  
Not equally oppressive is to all ;  
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,  
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.  
'There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,  
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame ;  
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall  
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim  
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

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\* These are the first four and the ninth stanzas of the *Minstrel*.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;  
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,  
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,  
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;  
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray ;  
While from his bending shoulder decent hung  
His harp, the sole companion of his way,\*  
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung ;  
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of Pride,  
That a poor villager inspires my strain ;  
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide ;  
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign ;  
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain  
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms ;  
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,  
The parasite their influence never warms,  
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,  
Oh, how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven ?  
1770. —Beattie.

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\* Cf. : ' The harp, his sole remaining joy ' .  
—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

## CCLIII.

## SWEET AUBURN.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed ;  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made !

How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;  
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;  
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;

To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.  
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below;  
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The *village preacher's* modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty, prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;



E'en children followed, with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay—  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The *village master* taught his little school ;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The village all declared how much he knew ;—  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran, that he could gauge.  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

1770.

—*Goldsmith.*

CCLIV.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.\*

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.  
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white round polished pebbles spread;  
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.  
The springing trout in speckled pride;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war,  
The silver eel, and mottled par.  
Devolving from thy parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,  
And hedges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
May numerous herds and flocks be seen;  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale;  
And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
And industry embrowned with toil;  
And hearts resolved and hands prepared,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard! — *Smollett.*

\* First published in *Humphrey Clinker*, 1771.

## CCLV.

## TWO SISTER ARTS.

IN silent gaze, the tuneful choir among,  
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire,  
While Bentley \* leads her sister-art along,  
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre,  
See, in their course, each transitory thought,  
Fixed by his touch, a lasting essence take,  
Each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,  
To local symmetry and life awake !  
The tardy rhymes, that used to linger on,  
To censure cold, and negligent of fame ;  
In swifter measures animated run,  
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.  
Ah ! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,  
His quick creation, his unerring line ;  
The energy of Pope they might efface,  
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.  
But not to one in this benighted age,  
Is that diviner inspiration given,  
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,  
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.†  
As, when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,  
The meaner gems that singly charm the sight  
Together dart their intermingled rays,  
And dazzle with a luxury of light.  
Enough for me, if to some feeling breast  
My lines a secret sympathy impart ;  
And, as their pleasing influence flows *confess'd*,  
A sigh of soft reflection *heave the heart*. —Gray.

\* These verses are an unfinished poem on the illustrations by Bentley for the edition of Gray's Poems in 1753, see page 320. The torn manuscript was found by Mason after the poet's death and published in his *Memoirs of Gray*, 1775. The words in italics were supplied by Mason

† 17-20 quoted by the Earl of Carlisle, Portora Speech-day, 1863.

## CCLVI.

## FROM RETALIATION.\*

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;  
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,  
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best  
dish. . . .

Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains,  
Our Burke † shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains. . . .

Our Garrick's a salad ; for in him we see  
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree ;  
To make out the dinner, full certain I am  
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb ;  
That Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule  
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool. . . .

Here lies our good Edmund, † whose genius was such,  
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much ;  
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his  
throat,

To persuade Tommy Townshend ‡ to lend him a vote ;  
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;

---

\* Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at St. James' Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him ; his country, dialect, person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *retaliation*, and at their next meeting produced this poem. There are 146 lines, but it is unfinished, as Goldsmith died before completing it.

† Edmund Burke.

‡ M.P. for Whitchurch, afterwards Lord Sydney.

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;  
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;  
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.  
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,  
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor. . . .

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;  
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine ;  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;  
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art,  
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,  
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.  
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;  
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.  
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
He turned and he varied full ten times a day ;  
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,  
If they were not his own by finessing and trick ;  
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them  
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,  
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;  
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.  
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,  
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.  
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,\* and Woodfalls† so grave,  
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you  
gave!

---

\* Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, etc. Died 1777.

† William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*. Died 1803.

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you  
raised,  
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised !  
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
To act as an angel and mix with the skies ;  
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,  
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,  
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,  
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above. . . .

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind ;  
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;  
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;  
Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart ;  
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of  
hearing ;  
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and  
stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet,\* and only took snuff.

1774.

—*Goldsmith.*

CCLVII.

## THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,  
Thou messenger of spring !  
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green  
Thy certain voice we hear ;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year ?

\* Sir Joshua Reynolds was deaf and used an ear-trumpet.

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.  
The school-boy wandering through the wood,  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.  
What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fleest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another spring to hail.  
Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year.  
Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !  
We'd make with joyful wing  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the spring. —*Logan*.\*

## CCLVIII.

## ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET,

## A PRACTISER OF PHYSICS.

CONDEMNED to Hope's delusive mine,  
As on we toil from day to day,  
By sudden blasts or slow decline,  
Our social comforts drop away.  
Well tried through many a varying year,  
See Levett to the grave descend,  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.

\* *The Cuckoo* is also attributed to Michael Bruce, but the claim of Logan to its authorship has been recently established by Mr. Laing.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,  
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind,  
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny  
Thy praise to merit unrefined.  
When fainting nature called for aid,  
And hovering death prepared the blow,  
His vigorous remedy displayed  
The power of art without the show.  
In misery's darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,  
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,  
And lonely want retired to die.  
No summons, mocked by chill delay,  
No petty gain disdained by pride;  
The modest wants of every day,  
The toil of every day supplied.  
His virtues walked their narrow round,  
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;  
And sure the Eternal Master found  
The single talent well employed  
The busy day, the peaceful night,  
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;  
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,  
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.  
Then, with no fiery, throbbing pain,  
No cold gradations of decay,  
Death broke at once the vital chain,  
And freed his soul the nearest way.\*

1782.

- Johnson.

\* 'Do you remember the verses, the sacred verses, which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend Levett? Whose name looks the brightest now, that of Queensbury the wealthy duke, or Selwyn the wit, or Levett the poor physician?'—Thackeray.



## CCLIX.

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate ;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned ;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
No :—Men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;  
Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain :—  
These constitute a State !  
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
Smit by her sacred frown,  
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapour sinks ;  
And even the all-dazzling Crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.  
Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !  
No more shall freedom smile ?  
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?  
Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
'Tis folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.—*Sir W. Jones.*

## CCLX.

FROM *TABLE TALK*.

In front of these came *Addison*. In him  
Humour, in holiday and sightly trim,  
Sublimity and Attic taste combined,  
To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.  
Then *Pope*, as harmony itself exact,  
In verse well-disciplined, complete, compact,  
Gave virtue and morality a grace,  
That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,  
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,  
Ev'n on the fools that trampled on their laws.  
But he (his musical finesse was such,  
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)  
Made poetry a mere mechanic art,  
And every warbler has his tune by heart.  
Nature imparting her satiric gift,  
Her serious mirth, to *Arbuthnot* and *Swift*,  
With droll sobriety they raised a smile  
At folly's cost, themselves unmoved the while.  
That constellation set, the world in vain  
Must hope to look upon their like again. . . .

Contemporaries all surpassed, see one,  
Short his career, indeed, but ably run.  
*Churchill*, himself unconscious of his powers,  
In penury consumed his idle hours,  
And, like a scattered seed at random sown,  
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.  
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought  
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,  
He laid his head in *Luxury's* soft lap,  
And took too often there his easy nap.  
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,  
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.

Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,  
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,  
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,  
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,  
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,  
And so disdained the rules he understood,  
The laurel seemed to wait on his command,  
He snatched it rudely from the Muses' hand. . . .

Pity Religion has so seldom found  
A skilful guide into poetic ground !  
The flowers would spring where'er she deigned to stray,  
And every muse attend her in her way.  
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,  
And many a compliment politely penned,  
But unattired in that becoming vest  
Religion weaves for her, and half undressed,  
Stands in the desert shivering and forlorn,  
A wintry figure, like a withered thorn.  
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped,  
Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread ;  
Satire has long since done his best, and curst  
And loathsome Ribaldry has done his worst ;  
Fancy has sported all her powers away  
In tales, in trifles and in children's play ;  
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,  
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.  
'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,  
Touched with a coal from Heaven, assume the lyre,  
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,  
With more than mortal music on his tongue,  
That He who died below, and reigns above,  
Inspires the song, and that His name is Love.

## CCLXI.

## TO AUTUMN.

O AUTUMN, laden with fruit, and stained  
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit  
Beneath my shady roof; there thou mayst rest,  
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,  
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!  
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.  
'The narrow bud opens her beauties to  
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;  
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and  
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,  
Till clustering Summer breaks forth into singing,  
And feathered clouds strew flowers round her head.  
The Spirits of the Air live on the smells  
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round  
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'  
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;  
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak  
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.

—*Blake.*

## CCLXII.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU fair-haired Angel of the Evening,  
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light  
Thy bright torch of love, thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!  
Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind sleep on  
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,  
And wash the dusk with silver.—Soon, full soon,

Dost thou withdraw ; then the wolf rages wide,  
And the lion glares through the dun forest.  
The fleeces of our flocks are covered with  
Thy sacred dew ; protect them with thine influence !

—*Blake.*

CCLXIII.

THE SONS OF LABOUR.

Go then ! and see them rising with the sun,  
Through a long course of daily toil to run ;  
See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,  
When the knees tremble and the temples beat ;  
Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er  
The labour past, and toils to come explore ;  
See them alternate suns and showers engage,  
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age ;  
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,  
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew ;  
Then own that labour may as fatal be  
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.  
Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride  
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide ;  
There may you see the youth of slender frame  
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame ;  
Yet, urged along, and proudly loth to yield,  
He strives to join his fellows of the field ;  
Till long-contending nature droops at last,  
Declining health rejects his poor repast.  
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,  
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.  
Yet grant them health ; 'tis not for us to tell,  
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well ;  
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,  
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasant's share !  
Oh, trifle not with wants you cannot feel,

Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal !  
Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous, such  
As you who praise would never deign to touch.  
Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,  
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please ;  
Go ! if the peaceful cot your praises share,  
Go, look within, and ask if peace be there ;  
If peace be his, that drooping weary sire :  
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire ;  
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand  
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand !  
Nor yet can time itself obtain for these  
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease ;  
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age  
Can with no cares except its own engage ;  
Who, propped on that rude staff, looks up to see  
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,  
On which, a boy, he climbed the loftiest bough,  
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

1783.

—*Crabbe's Village.*

## CCLXIV.

## ACTION, THE LIFE OF NATURE.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.  
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,  
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,  
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads  
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.  
Its own revolvency upholds the world.  
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,  
And fit the limped element for use,  
Else noxious ; oceans, rivers, lakes and streams,  
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed  
By restless undulation ; e'en the oak  
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm ;

He seems indeed indignant, and to feel  
 The impression of the blast with proud disdain,  
 Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm  
 He held the thunder ; but the monarch owes  
 His firm stability to what he scorns,  
 More fixed below, the more disturbed above.  
 The law, by which all creatures else are bound,  
 Binds man, the lord of all.

1785.

—*Cowper's Task*, bk. i.

CCLXV.

THE POSTMAN. THE FIRESIDE IN WINTER.

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,  
 That with its wearisome but needful length  
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;—  
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,  
 News from all nations lumbering at his back.  
 True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,  
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn,  
 And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.  
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
 Cold and yet cheerful ; messenger of grief  
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,  
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.  
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
 With tears that trickled down the writer's cheek  
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains  
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
 But oh the important budget ! ushered in

With such heart-shaking music, who can say  
What are its tidings ? have our troops awaked ?  
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,  
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?  
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed  
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,  
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,  
The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;  
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,  
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

—*Cowper's Task*, bk. iv.

CCLXVI.

#### MEDITATION IN WINTER.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,  
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,  
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,  
And through the trees I view the embattled tower  
Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
And settle in soft musings as I tread



The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.  
The roof, though movable through all its length  
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,  
And intercepting in their silent fall  
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed;  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
May give a useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,  
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,  
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,  
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.  
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.

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With lines 29 to 41 compare the extract from *Comus*, lines 40 to 56; and Quarles' *Wisdom and Knowledge*. See also Wisdom and Knowledge contrasted in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, cxiv.

Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style  
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds  
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.  
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear  
The insupportable fatigue of thought,  
And swallowing therefore, without pause or choice,  
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.  
But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course  
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,  
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,  
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time [root,  
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn  
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and Truth,  
Not shy as in the world, and to be won  
By slow solicitation, seize at once  
The roving thought and fix it on themselves.

—*Cowper's Task*, bk. vi.

CCLXVII.

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,  
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way;  
And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;  
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,  
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;  
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,  
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,  
And the sad children of Despair and Woe  
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.

Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

—*Charlotte Smith*.

## CCLXVIII.

## SCHOOL-DAYS.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,  
Be love the play-place of our early days ;  
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone  
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.  
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,  
The very name we carved subsisting still ;  
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,  
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed ;  
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,  
Playing our games, and on the very spot ;  
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw  
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;  
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,  
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat ;  
The pleasing spectacle at once excites  
Such recollection of our own delights,  
That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain  
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.

This fond attachment to the well-known place,  
Whence first we started into life's long race,  
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway  
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.

1785.

— *Cowper's Tirocinium.*

## CCLXIX.

## MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

THEN chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare,  
One evening, as I wandered forth  
Along the banks of Ayr,

I spied a man, whose aged step  
Seemed weary worn with care ;  
His face was furrowed o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

' Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ?  
Began the reverend sage ;  
' Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
Or youthful pleasure's rage ?  
Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
The miseries of Man.

' The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Out-spreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labour to support  
A haughty lordling's pride ;  
I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
Twice forty times return ;  
And every time has added proofs,  
That Man was made to mourn.

' O Man ! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time !  
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime !  
Alternate follies take the sway ;  
Licentious passions burn ;  
Which tenfold force give nature's law,  
That Man was made to mourn.

' Look not alone in youthful prime,  
Or manhood's active might ;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
Supported in his right.

But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn,  
Then age and want, oh ! ill-matched pair !  
Show Man was made to mourn.

‘ A few seem favourites of Fate,  
In Pleasure’s lap caressed ;  
Yet, think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blessed.  
But, O ! what crowds in every land,  
All wretched and forlorn,  
Through weary life this lesson learn,  
That Man was made to mourn.

‘ Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame !  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse, and shame !  
And Man, whose heaven-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man’s inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn !

‘ See yonder poor, o’er-laboured wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil ;  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful, though a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.

‘ If I’m yon haughty lordling’s slave—  
By nature’s law designed—  
Why was an independent wish  
E’er planted in my mind ?

If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty or scorn?  
Or why has Man the will and power  
To make his fellow mourn?

‘Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast;  
This partial view of human kind,  
Is surely not the last!  
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn!

‘O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest!  
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasure torn!  
But, O! a blest relief to those  
That weary-laden mourn.’

—Burns.

CCLXX.

OF A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,  
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid;—  
Silent and chaste she steals along,  
Far from the world’s gay busy throng;  
With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destined course;  
Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where’er she goes;  
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,  
And Heaven reflected in her face

—Cowper.

## CCLXXI.

## BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
See the front of battle lour ;  
See approach proud Edward's power,  
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Let him turn and flee !

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurper low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow,  
Let us do, or die !

—Burns.

## CCLXXII.

## A DREAM.

ONCE a dream did weave a shade  
O'er my angel-guarded bed,  
That an emmet lost its way  
Where on grass methought I lay.  
Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,  
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,

Over many a tangled spray,  
All heart-broke, I heard her say :  
    ‘ Oh my children ! do they cry,  
Do they hear their father sigh ?  
Now they look abroad to see,  
Now return and weep for me.’  
Pitying, I dropped a tear ;  
But I saw a glow-worm near,  
Who replied, ‘ What wailing wight  
Calls the watchman of the night ?  
I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round :  
Follow now the beetle’s hum ;  
Little wanderer, hie thee home !’     —*Blake*.

## CCLXXXIII.

## TIME AND SORROW.

O TIME ! who know’st a lenient hand to lay  
Softest on Sorrow’s wound, and slowly thence  
    (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)  
The faint pang stealest unperceived away ;  
On thee I rest my only hope at last,  
    And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear  
    That flows in vain o’er all my soul held dear,  
I may look back on every sorrow past,  
And meet life’s peaceful evening with a smile—  
    As some lone bird, at day’s departing hour,  
    Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower  
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—  
Yet ah ! how much must that poor heart endure,  
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure !

—*Bowles*.

\* ‘ I had just entered my seventeenth year when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty in number and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known to me. . . . I had bewildered myself in metaphysical and theological controversy ; but from this I was auspiciously



## CCLXXIV.

## AT DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that, calm above the flood,  
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,  
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,  
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood ;  
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,  
And o'er the distant billows the still eve  
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave  
To-morrow ; of the friends he loved most dear ;  
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part ;  
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all  
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,  
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,  
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,—  
The world his country, and his God his guide.

CCLXXV.

—*Bowles.*

## HOPE.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,  
Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard  
Heartless the carol of the matin bird  
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn  
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed ;  
He the green slope and level meadow views,  
Delightful bathed with slow-ascending dews ;  
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head  
In varying forms fantastic wander white ;  
Or turns his ear to every random song,  
Heard the green river's winding marge along,  
The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight :  
With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel,  
Sweet Hope ! thy fragrance pure and healing incense  
steal !

—*Ib.*

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withdrawn chiefly by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious as the sonnets of Mr. Bowles.'—Coleridge.

## CCLXXVI.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE  
OUT OF NORFOLK.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
‘Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!’  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim  
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same  
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O, welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bidd’st me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own;  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,—  
A momentary dream that thou art she.  
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more !  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wished I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,  
By expectation every day beguiled  
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learnt at last submission to my lot ;  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand till fresh they shone and glowed ;  
All this, and, more endearing still than all,

Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks  
That humour interposed too often makes ;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I pricked them into paper with a pin—  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),  
Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;  
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the  
shore,

' Where tempests never beat nor billows roar, '  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since, has anchored by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,  
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
But, oh the thought that thou art safe, and he !  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell ! Time unrevoked has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;  
To have renewed the joys that once were mine  
Without the sin of violating thine ;  
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has both alſ succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

1790.

—Cowper.

CCLXXVII.

## SONNET TO MARY UNWIN.

MARY ! I want a lyre with other strings,  
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,  
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new

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\* From Garth's *Dispensary*.

And undebased by praise of meaner things,  
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings  
I may record thy worth with honour due,  
In verse as musical as thou art true,  
And that immortalizes whom it sings :—  
But thou hast little need. Where is a book  
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright—  
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ;  
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

—*Cowper.*

CCLXXVIII.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.  
The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal a welcome guest.  
Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet-gown and apron blue.  
The village-church among the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze  
And point with taper spire to Heaven.—*Rogers.*

BOOK IV.  
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.  
SECTION I. (1798\*-1824).

CCXXLIX.

FROM LINES COMPOSED ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.

I HAVE learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, but of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains, and of all that we behold  
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create  
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise  
In nature, and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

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\* In 1798 appeared *Lyrical Ballads* by Wordsworth and Coleridge, the principal contribution of the latter being the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*; and by Wordsworth, *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798.*

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay ;  
For thou art with me here, upon the banks  
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,  
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee ; and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,



If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,  
Unwearied in that service; rather say  
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

—*Wordsworth.*

CCLXXX.

SWEET SOUNDS.\*

AROUND, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,  
I heard the skylark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;

---

\* From the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune. —Coleridge.

CCLXXXI.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly Tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound ;  
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.  
I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralize ;  
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree  
Can emblems see,  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.  
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear  
Harsh and austere ;  
To those, who on my leisure would intrude,  
Reserved and rude,—

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree ;

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The Holly leaves their fadeless hue display  
Less bright than they ;  
But, when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng ;  
So would I seem amid the young and gay  
More grave than they ;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.  
1798.

—*Southey.*

CCLXXXII.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither could nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
Your task's ended noo, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean ;  
She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;  
O we grudged her right sair  
To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
My soul langs to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
This warld's care is vain, Jean ;  
We'll meet and aye be fain  
In the land o' the leal.

1799.

—*Lady Nairne.*

## CCLXXXIII.

## THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;  
Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ;  
This child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

' Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse ; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain,

‘ She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

‘ The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E’en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form  
By silent sympathy.

‘ The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place,  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight,  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.’

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done ;—  
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be. —*Wordsworth.*

## CCLXXXIV.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England  
That guard our native seas !  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe ;  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;\*  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave ;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,†  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle, etc.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle, etc.

---

\* In the first edition it was ' stormy tempests blow '.

† In the first edition, written in Nelson's lifetime, this line stood—  
' Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fell '.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
Then the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.  
1800. —*Campbell.*

CCLXXXV.

## INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF COWPER.

YE who with warmth the public triumph feel  
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,  
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,  
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust !  
England exulting in his spotless fame,  
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.  
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise  
So clear a title to affection's praise ;  
His highest honours to the heart belong ;  
His virtues formed the magic of his song.—*Hayley.*

CCLXXXVI.

## HOHENLINDEN.\*

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

---

\* This battle was fought Dec. 2, 1800, between the Austrians and the French. *Hohenlinden* means 'high lime-trees'.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !  
The snow shall be their winding sheet ;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.\*

1802.

—Campbell.

---

\* Originally the last line stood : ' Shall mark the soldier's cemet'ry'.



## CCLXXXVII.

## FABLE IS LOVE'S WORLD.\*

*Max.* O never rudely will I blame his faith  
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely  
The human being's pride that peoples space  
With life and mystical predominance ;  
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love  
This visible nature, and this common world,  
Is all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import  
Lurks in the legend told my infant years  
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn ;  
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace ;  
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,  
And spirits ; and delightedly believes  
Divinities, being himself divine.  
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanished ;  
They live no longer in the faith of reason !  
But still the heart doth need a language, still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover

---

\* This and the next are from Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Piccolomini, or the First Part of Wallenstein*. Lines 14 to 20 are an expansion of two in the original which literally translated are :—

‘ The old fable existences are no more,  
The fascinating race has wandered away ’.

† The passage from lines 10 to 20 is quoted in Scott's *Guy Mannering*, 1815.

Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
Shoot influence down ; and even at this day  
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus who brings everything that's fair !  
*Thekla*. And if this be the science of the stars,  
I too, with glad and zealous industry,  
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.  
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,  
That in immeasurable heights above us,  
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,  
With sparkling stars for flowers. —Coleridge.

## CCLXXXVIII.

## CONSECRATED CUSTOM.

Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,  
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,  
Strong in possession, founded in old custom !  
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots  
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.  
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.  
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,  
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,  
Who full himself of courage kindles courage  
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible  
The which I fear,—a fearful enemy,  
Which in the human heart opposes me,  
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.  
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,  
Makes known its present being, that is not  
The true, the perilously formidable.  
O no ! it is the common, the quite common,  
The thing of an eternal yesterday,  
What ever was, and evermore returns,  
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling !

For of the wholly common is man made,  
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them  
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old  
House furniture, the dear inheritance  
From his forefathers. For time consecrates;  
And what is grey with age becomes religion.  
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,  
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

—Coleridge.

CCLXXXIX.

THE SONNET'S SCANTY PLOT OF GROUND.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;  
And hermits are contented with their cells;  
And students with their pensive citadels;  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence for me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;  
Pleased if some souls, (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find short solace there, as I have found.

—Wordsworth.

CCXC.

SONNET TO MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;  
England hath need of thee; she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
O ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;  
So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

—*Wordsworth.*

CCXCI.

GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONGST US.

GREAT men have been among us ; hands that penned  
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none ;—  
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harington,  
Young Vane and others, who called Milton friend.  
These moralists could act and comprehend ;  
They knew how genuine glory was put on ;  
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
In splendour ; what strength was, that would not bend  
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,  
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
Perpetual emptiness ; unceasing change !  
No single volume paramount, no code,  
No master spirit, no determined road ;  
But equally a want of books and men !

—*Id.*

CCXCII.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East \* in fee,  
And was the safeguard of the West ; the worth

---

\* 'The gorgeous East,'—Milton's phrase, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 3.

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.  
She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
And when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.\*  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day ;  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great is passed away.

—*Wordsworth.*

CCXCIII.

EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ; †  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
Is sinking down to its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea ;  
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with His eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine ;  
Thou liest ' in Abraham's bosom ' all the year ;  
And worshippest at the temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not. —*Ib.*

---

\* See *Childe Harold*, iv.

† Composed on the beach near Calais in the autumn of 1802. In the edition of 1841, the first line is—

' A fairer face of evening cannot be '.

## CCXCIV.

ENGLAND, 1802.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great nations ; how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed  
I had, my country !—am I to be blamed ?  
But when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find  
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men ;  
And I by my affection was beguiled ;  
What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child ? —*Wordsworth.*

## CCXCV.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON,

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND, 1802.

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,  
One of the Mountains,\* each a mighty Voice ;  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou foughtest against him,—but hast vainly striven ;  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven  
Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—  
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee ! —*Ib.*

---

\* The 'Mountain nymph, sweet Liberty'.—*L'Allegro.*

## CCXCVI.

IN LONDON, 1802.

O FRIEND, I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;  
The wealthiest man among us is the best ;  
No grandeur now in Nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry ; and these we adore ;  
Plain living and high thinking are no more ;  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone ; our peace, our faithful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

—*Wordsworth.*

## CCXCVII.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair ;  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty ;  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

—*Ib.*

## CCXCVIII.

## HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try  
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her together !

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate  
That flushed her spirit ;

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call ; if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule  
Which doth the human feeling cool ;  
But she was trained in Nature's school,  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning—

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning ?



## CCXCIX.

## STEPPING WESTWARD.\*

While my fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Katrine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a hut where, in the course of our tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, 'What, you are stepping westward?'

'WHAT, *you are stepping westward?*'—'Yea.'

—'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,

If we, who thus together roam

In a strange land, and far from home,

Were in this place the guests of chance;

Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,

Though home or shelter he had none,

With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;

Behind, all gloomy to behold;

And stepping westward seemed to be

A kind of *heavenly* destiny;

I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound

Of something without space or bound;

And seemed to give me spiritual right

To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake

Was walking by her native lake;

The salutation had to me

The very sound of courtesy;

Its power was felt; and while my eye

Was fixed upon the glowing sky,

The echo of the voice enwrought

A human sweetness with the thought

Of travelling through the world that lay

Before me in my endless way. —*Wordsworth.*

---

\* In Perth and some other parts of Scotland 'down *west*' is applied to a distant place.

CCC.

## A PERFECT WOMAN.\*

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight,  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light.

1804.

—*Wordsworth.*

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\* His wife, Mary Hutchinson, whom he had married in 1802.

## CCCI.

## IN THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.\*

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;  
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow,  
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn  
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade  
too,  
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;  
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,  
With a barn for the use of the flail ;  
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;  
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,  
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely  
secured by a neighbouring hill ;  
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly  
By the sound of a murmuring rill ;  
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
With my friends may I share what to-day may  
afford,  
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

---

\* Published in *Scrapologia*, Birmingham, 1804. Collins was author of *Ben Block* and other songs.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering  
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,  
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep  
    hovering,  
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again ;  
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;  
As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare to-day,  
May become everlasting to-morrow.

—*John Collins.*

CCCH.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice ;  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear ;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to ; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet,  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blesséd bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place  
That is fit home for thee !

—*Wordsworth.*

CCCIH.

MELROSE ABBEY.\*

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;

---

\* From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto ii.

And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !  
1805.

—*Scott*

CCCIV.

THE MEMORY OF THE BARD.

CALL it not vain ; they do not err,  
Who say, that when the Poet dies  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies ;  
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone  
For the departed Bard make moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those, who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
And, with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death.

The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier.

The phantom Knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead !  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle-plain.

The Chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die ;  
His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impel the rill ;  
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto v.

CCCV.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.  
Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's  
sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.  
In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance,  
So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved ;  
While every bleaching breeze that on her blows  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

—*Kirke White*.

## CCCVI.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM  
PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile !  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee ;  
I saw thee every day ; and all the while  
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
So like, so very like, was day to day !  
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;  
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! It seemed no sleep,  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings ;  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! *then* if mine had been the painter's-hand  
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,  
Amid a world how different from this !  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such picture would I at that time have made ;  
And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.



So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;  
I have submitted to a new control ;  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;  
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.  
Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been ;  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;\*  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.  
Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been the  
friend,  
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.  
O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well,  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !  
And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.  
Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind !  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.  
But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here ;—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

—*Wordsworth.*

---

\* He alludes to the loss of his brother John, who was drowned in the *Abergavenny*, of which he was commander—the vessel having struck on a rock off Portland, on its voyage to India, 5th Feb., 1805.  
Line 50, 'the kind,' human beings.

## CCCVII.

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR.\*

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
—It is the generous Spirit, who when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright;  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care;  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

---

\* Wordsworth has taken most of the characteristics from Nelson, who may be said to be the hero of the piece; he has also his brother John in view in some places.

Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows ;  
—Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;  
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need ;  
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;  
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity.

It is his darling passion to approve ;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—  
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—  
Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won ;  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed ;  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name—  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause ;  
This is the happy Warrior ; this is he  
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

—*Wordsworth.*

CCCVIII.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;  
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
 Have sight of Proteus \* rising from the sea ;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.  
 —*Wordsworth.*

## CCCIX.

## TO SLEEP.†

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and sea,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;—  
 I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie  
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth ;  
 So do not let me wear to-night away :  
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth ?  
 Come, blessèd barrier between day and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !  
 —*Ib.*

\* Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 604. Proteus represented the everlasting changes yet ever recurring sameness of the sea.

† In the house of Morpheus the sounds to 'lull to slumber soft' were :—

'A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,  
 And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,  
 Mixed with a murmuring wind much like the sound  
 Of swarming bees'. —*The Faery Queene*, I. i. 41.

## CCCX.

## MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky ;  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The child is father of the man ; \*  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—Wordsworth.

## CCCXI.

## INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

FROM 'RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD'.†

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

## 2.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose,—  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;

---

\* Cf. *Paradise Regained*, iv. 220.

† 'The ode on Immortality is the high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this age.'—Emerson, *English Traits*, xvii.

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

## 3.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief ;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay ;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday ;  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
shepherd-boy !

## 4.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make ; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
While the earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May morning,  
And the children are pulling,  
On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm ;—  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
—But there's a tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have looked upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone ;  
The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat ;  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## 5.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home ;  
Heaven lies about us in our *infancy* !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing *boy*,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy ;  
The *youth*, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the *man* perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

---

\* With this stanza compare Vaughan's *Retreat* (*Anthology*, bk. ii. sect. vi.) ; also a passage in Earle's *Microcosmography*.



## 6.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a mother's mind,  
    And, no unworthy aim,  
    The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate, man,  
    Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## 7.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
    A wedding or a festival ;  
    A mourning or a funeral ;  
    And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song ;  
    Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
    But it will not be long  
    Ere this be thrown aside,  
    And with new joy and pride  
The little actor cons another part ;  
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'  
With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
    As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## 8.\*

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity ;  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, readest the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind,—  
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
Thou, over whom thy immortality  
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by ;  
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## 9.

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction ; not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blessed ;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

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\* See Coleridge's criticism on this stanza, *Biographia Literaria*, xxii.

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast ;  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature,  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised ;  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence ; truths that wake,  
To perish never ;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither ;  
Can in a moment travel thither,—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

10.

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !

We, in thought, will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !  
What though the radiance, which was once so bright,  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ?  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## II.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Think not of any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
I only have relinquished one delight,  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet ;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live ;  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears ;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—Wordsworth,

## CCCXII.

## PITT AND FOX.

NOR mourn ye less his perished worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth,  
And launched that thunderbolt of war  
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;  
Who, born to guide such high emprise,  
For Britain's weal, was early wise ;  
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,  
For Britain's sins, an early grave ;  
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,  
A bauble held the pride of power,  
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,  
And served his Albion for herself ;  
Who, when the frantic crowd amain  
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,  
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,  
The pride, he would not crush, restrained.  
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,  
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the freeman's  
laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,  
A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,  
When fraud or danger were at hand ;  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright ;  
As some proud column, though alone,  
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne ;  
Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill !  
Oh think, how to his latest day,

When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,  
With Palinure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood :  
Each call for needful rest repelled,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave way !  
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,  
One unpolluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,  
But still, upon the hallowed day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here !  
Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;  
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
When best employed, and wanted most ;  
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;  
And all the reasoning powers divine,  
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;  
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—  
They sleep with him who sleeps below ;  
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save  
From error him who owns this grave,  
Be every harsher thought suppressed,  
And sacred be the last long rest.  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;

Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;  
*Here*, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke again,  
' All peace on earth, good-will to men,'  
If ever from an English heart,  
O, *here* let prejudice depart,  
And, partial feeling cast aside,  
Record, that Fox a Briton died !  
When Europe crouched to France's yoke  
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,  
Was bartered by a timorous slave,  
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,  
The sullied olive-branch returned,  
Stood for his country's glory fast,  
And nailed her colours to the mast ;  
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave  
A portion in this honoured grave,  
And ne'er held marble in its trust  
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

1808.

—*Scott's Marmion.*

## CCCXIII.

## YOUTH AND AGE.\*

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

When I was young !

When I was young ? Ah, woeful when !

Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !

---

\* 'One of the most perfect poems, for style, feeling, and everything, that ever was written.'—Leigh Hunt,

This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands  
How lightly then it flashed along :—  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide.\*  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather  
When Youth and I lived in't together.  
Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah, woeful Ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !  
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known that thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
It cannot be, that thou art gone !  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled ;—  
And thou wert aye a masker bold !  
What strange disguise hast now put on  
To make believe that thou art gone ?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size,  
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but thought ; so think I will  
That Youth and I are house-mates still.  
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve !

---

\* Probably the first reference in poetry to a steamboat.



Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve  
                    When we are old ;—  
That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismissed,  
Yet hath out-stayed his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

1810.

—Coleridge.

CCCXIV.

## THE ISLES OF OCEAN.

OH ! many are the beauteous isles  
Unknown to human eye,  
That, sleeping 'mid the ocean smiles,  
In happy silence lie.  
The ship may pass them in the night,  
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight  
Is resting on the main ;  
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,  
And never, or by night or day,  
Shall pass these isles again.  
There, groves that bloom in endless spring  
Are rustling to the radiant wing  
Of birds, in various plumage bright,  
As rainbow hues, or dawning light.  
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair  
Float ever on the fragrant air,  
Like showers of vernal snow,  
And from the fruit-tree spreading tall  
The richly ripened clusters fall  
Oft as sea-breezes blow.  
The sun and clouds alone possess  
The joy of all that loveliness ;

And sweetly to each other smile  
The livelong day—sun, cloud, and isle.  
How silent lies each sheltered bay !  
No other visitors have they  
To their shores of silvery sand,  
Than the waves that murmuring in their glee,  
All hurrying in a joyful band,  
Come dancing from the sea. —*Wilson*.

## CCCXV.

## LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die !  
With life all other passions fly ;  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
Earthly, these passions are of earth,  
They perish where they have their birth.  
But Love is indestructible ;  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh ! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the anxious night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight ?

1810.

—*Southey, The Curse of Kehama.*

## CCCXVI.

## LIFE.\*

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part ;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.  
But this I know, when thou art fled,  
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
No clod so valueless shall be  
As all that then remains of me.  
Oh whither, whither dost thou fly,  
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,  
    And in this strange divorce,  
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?  
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame  
From whence thy essence came  
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed  
From matter's base encumbering weed ?  
    Or dost thou, hid from sight,  
    Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour  
To break thy trance and re-assume thy power ?  
Yet can'st thou without thought or feeling be ?  
Oh say what art thou when no more thou'rt thee ?  
    Life ! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;

---

\* 'Sitting with Madame D'Arblay, some weeks before she died (1840), I said to her, "Do you remember those lines [the first four and the last eight] of Mrs. Barbauld's *Life*, which I once repeated to you ?" "Remember them !" she replied, "I repeat them to myself every night before I go to sleep."—Rogers.

Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time ;  
Say not ' Good Night,' but, in some brighter clime,  
Bid me ' Good Morning '.

1813.

—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

## CCCXVII.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.\*

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew  
still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.  
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

—*Byron.*

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\* See 2 *Kings* xix. 35, and 2 *Chronicles* xxxii. 21, 22.

## CCCXVIII.

## TO THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee !  
Wild is thy lay and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth ;  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying ?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.  
O'er fell and mountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee !

—Hogg.

## CCCXIX.

## GREECE.\*

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled,

---

\* From the *Giaour*, 1813.

The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress  
(Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),  
And marked the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now ;  
And, but for that chill changeless brow,  
Where cold obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads yet dwells upon ;  
Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by death revealed !

Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start ; for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of feeling past away !  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was freedom's home or glory's grave !  
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee ?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave !  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free !  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own ;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires ;  
And he, who in the strife expires,  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That tyranny shall quake to hear ;  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame ;  
For, Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age !  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command ;  
The mountains of their native land ;  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die !  
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,

Each step from splendour to disgrace ;  
Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
Yes ! self-abasement paved the way  
To villain bonds and despot sway.

—Byron.

CCCXX.

THE SHAMROCK.\*

THROUGH Erin's Isle,  
To sport awhile,  
As Love and Valour wandered,  
With Wit, the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squandered ;  
Where'er they pass,  
A triple grass  
Shoots up with dew-drops streaming,  
As softly green  
As emerald seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming.  
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !  
Says Valour, ' See,  
They spring for me,  
Those leafy gems of morning ! '—  
Says Love, ' No, no,  
For me they grow,  
My fragrant path adorning ' .  
But Wit perceives  
The triple leaves,

---

\* From *Irish Melodies*, No. 5, published 1813.



And cries, 'Oh ! do not sever  
A type that blends  
Three godlike friends,  
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !'  
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !  
  
So firmly fond  
May last the bond  
They wove that morn together,  
And ne'er may fall  
One drop of gall  
On Wit's celestial feather !  
May Love, as twine  
His flowers divine,  
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !  
May Valour ne'er  
His standard rear  
Against the cause of Freedom !  
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

—*Moore.*

## CCCXXI.

## O MANY ARE THE POETS.

O MANY are the poets that are sown  
By Nature ; men endowed with highest gifts,  
The vision and the faculty divine,  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,  
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led

By circumstance to take unto the height  
 The measure of themselves, these favoured beings,  
 All but a scattered few, live out their time,  
 Husbanding that which they possess within,  
 And go to the grave unthought of. Strongest minds  
 Are often those of whom the noisy world  
 Hears least.

—*Wordsworth's Excursion*,\* bk. i.

CCCCXXII.

SUNRISE.†

HE had felt the power  
 Of Nature, and already was prepared,  
 By his intense conceptions, to receive  
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,  
 Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught,  
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive.  
 Such was the boy;—but for the growing youth,—  
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top  
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—  
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth  
 And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay  
 Beneath him:—Far and wide the clouds were touched,  
 And in their silent faces could he read  
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
 The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form,  
 All melted into him; they swallowed up  
 His animal being; in them did he live,

---

\* The *Excursion* is a poem in six books, mainly occupied with prosaic themes; but 'some of its passages rank among the poet's highest flights. Such is the passage in book i., describing the boy's rapture at Sunrise;† and the picture of a Sunset at the close of the same book. Such is the opening of book iv.; and the passage

And by them did he live ; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.  
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;  
Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power  
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !\*

—*Wordsworth's Excursion*, bk. i.

CCCXXIII.

MUSINGS OF THE WANDERER.

‘ I SEE around me here

Things which you cannot see ; we die, my Friend,  
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved  
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth  
Dies with him, or is changed ; and very soon  
Even of the good is no memorial left.  
—The Poets, in their elegies and songs  
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,  
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,  
And senseless rocks ; nor idly ; for they speak,  
In these their invocations, with a voice  
Obedient to the strong creative power  
Of human passion. Sympathies there are  
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,  
That steal upon the meditative mind,  
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,  
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel  
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond

---

describing the wild joy of roaming through a mountain storm ; and the metaphor which compares the Mind's power of transfiguring the obstacles which beset her, with the glory into which the Moon incorporates the umbrage that would intercept her beams.'—F. W. H. Myers,

\* On the above lines see Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, xxi.

Of brotherhood is broken ; time has been  
When, every day, the touch of human hand  
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up  
In mortal stillness ; and they ministered  
To human comfort. As I stooped to drink,  
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
Green with the moss of years, a pensive sight  
That moved my heart, recalling former days  
When I could never pass that road but she,  
Who lived within these walls, at my approach,  
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her  
As my own child. Oh, Sir ! the good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket.'

—*Wordsworth's Excursion*, bk. i.

CCCXXIV.

SUNSET \*

ERE long the sun declining shot  
A slant and mellow radiance, which began  
To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,  
We sat on that low bench ; and now we felt,  
Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.  
A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,  
A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,  
At distance heard, peopled the mulder air.  
The old man rose, and, with a sprightly mien  
Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff ;  
Together casting then a farewell look  
Upon those silent walls, we left the shade ;  
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached  
A village-inn,—our evening resting-place. —*Ib.*

---

\* See note on page 422,

## CCCXXV.

## ' METAPHOR FROM THE MOON.'

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,  
That with interpositions, which would hide  
And darken, so can deal that they become  
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to exalt  
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer even  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,  
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power  
Capacious and serene. Like power abides  
In man's celestial spirit ; Virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds  
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt ;  
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,  
From palpable oppressions of despair.

—*Wordsworth's Excursion*, bk. iv.

## CCCXXVI.

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.  
THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it  
takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's  
dull decay,  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone  
which fades so fast,

---

\* See note on page 422,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth  
itself be past.  
Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of  
happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess ;  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in  
vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never  
stretch again.  
Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself  
comes down ;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its  
own ;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our  
tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the  
ice appears.  
Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth  
distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no more their  
former hope of rest ;  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret  
wreathe,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and  
gray beneath.  
O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a  
vanished scene,  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish  
though they be,  
So 'midst the withered waste of life, those tears would  
flow to me ! \*

—Byron.

---

\* 'I pique myself on these lines being the truest though the most melancholy I ever wrote.'—Letter to Moore,

## CCCCXXVII.

## ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER.

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent ;  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument !

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue ;  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hushed, their name the only sound ;  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot ?  
Who would not die the death they chose ?

And, gallant Parker ! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bled with thee  
In woe, that glory cannot quell ;  
And shuddering hear of victory,  
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell,

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less ?  
When cease to hear thy cherished name ?  
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas ! for them, though not for thee,  
They cannot choose but weep the more ;  
Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.  
—*Byron.*

## CCCXXVIII.

## ALIENATED FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother ;  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining ;  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between ;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.  
—*Coleridge's Christabel.*



## CCCXXIX.

## ON CHILLON.\*

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;  
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,  
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !  
For they appeal from tyranny to God. —Byron.

## CCCXXX.

## TO WORDSWORTH.

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know  
That things depart which never may return !  
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow  
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.  
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine  
Which thou, too, feelest ; yet I alone deplore.  
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine  
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar ;  
Thou hast, like to a rock-built refuge, stood  
Above the blind and battling multitude.  
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave  
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—  
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,  
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.  
—Shelley.

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\* Cf. Milton's sonnet *On the Late Massacre in Piedmont*.

## CCCXXXI.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.\*

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;  
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth, [strong  
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are  
At your clear hearts, and both seem given to earth  
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,—  
In doors and out, summer and winter,—mirth.  
1816. —*Leigh Hunt.*

## CCCXXXII.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.\*

THE poetry of earth is never dead;  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury,—he has never done  
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of the earth is ceasing never;  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost

---

\* Cowden Clarke tells us, in his *Recollections*, that when he was on a visit to Leigh Hunt in Dec., 1816, Hunt challenged Keats to write a sonnet on the grasshopper and the cricket. Keats finished his first.

Has wrought a silence, from the store there shrills  
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills. —*Keats*.

## CCCCXXXIII.

## MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England! who inherit  
Rights that cost your sires their blood!  
Men whose undegenerate spirit  
Has been proved on land and flood;—  
By the foes you've fought uncounted,  
By the glorious deeds ye've done,  
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,  
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!  
Yet, remember, England gathers  
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,  
If the freedom of your fathers  
Glow not in your hearts the same.  
What are monuments of bravery,  
Where do public virtues bloom?  
What avail, in lands of slavery,  
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?  
Pageants!—Let the world revere us  
For our people's rights and laws,  
And the breast of civic heroes  
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.  
Yours are Hampden's, Russell's, glory,  
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—  
Martyrs in heroic story,  
Worth a hundred Agincourts!  
We're the sons of sires that baffled  
Crowned and mitred tyranny;—  
They defied the field and scaffold  
For their birthright—so will we! —*Campbell*.

## CCCCXXIV.

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.\*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.†

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

---

\* First published anonymously in the *Newry Telegraph*, 1817.

† 'A question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's *On Switzerland*; others named some of Moore's *Melodies*, and Campbell's *Hohenlinden*. Lord Byron said, "I will show you an ode I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has produced".

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.  
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory. — *Wolfe*.

CCCXXXV.

## THE SEASONS.\*

THE blasts of Autumn drive the wingèd seeds  
Over the earth,—next come the snows, and rain,  
And frosts, and storms, which dreary Winter leads  
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train.  
Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,  
Shedding soft dews from her æthereal wings;  
Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,  
And music on the waves and woods she flings,  
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.  
Oh Spring! of hope, and love, and youth and gladness,  
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!  
Whence comest thou, when, with dark Winter's sadness,  
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?  
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest  
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;  
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest  
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,  
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.  
— *Shelley*.

He left the table and returned with a magazine from which he read the lines on Sir John Moore's burial; he repeated the third stanza, and said it was perfect.'—Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*.

\* From Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* (canto ix. 21, 22), first published in 1817 under the title of *Laon and Cythna*.

## CCCXXVI.

## KUBLA KHAN. \*

## A VISION IN A DREAM.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decreed,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round ;  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Emfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail ;  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion

---

\* The author fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following from Purchas' *Pilgrims* : ' Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall'. He

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw;  
It was an Ayssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That, with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair,  
Weave a circle round him thrice!  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise. —*Coleridge.*

---

continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, during which he composed two or three hundred lines; on awaking he wrote down the lines that follow, all the rest having passed away from him. This occurred in 1797, but these verses were not published till 1816.

## CCCXXXVII.

## BEAUTY.\*

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever ;  
Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
Made for our searching ; yes, in spite of all,  
Somes hape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils,  
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert make  
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms ;  
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or read ;  
An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.  
Nor do we merely feel these essences  
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees  
That whisper round a temple become soon  
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering light  
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
That, whether there be shine or gloom o'er-cast,  
They always must be with us, or we die. —Keats.



## CCCCXXXVIII.

## THE OCEAN.\*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;  
I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel,  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.  
Roll on, thou deep, and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control  
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain,  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.  
His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth ;—there let him lay.  
The armaments which thunder-strike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

---

\* From *Childe Harold*, canto iv.

Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves play,—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

'Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,

Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless and sublime—  
The image of Eternity—the throne

Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,

For I was as it were a child of thee,

And trusted to thy billows, far and near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

1818.

—Byron.

## CCCCXXIX.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,  
Hold, like rich garners, the full ripened grain ;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour !  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the fairy power  
Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink. —*Keats.*

## CCCL.

## TO THE WALL-FLOWER.\*

I WILL not praise the often-flattered rose,  
Or virgin-like, with blushing charms half seen,  
Or when, in dazzling splendour, like a queen,  
All her magnificence of state she shows,  
No, not that nun-like lily which but blows  
Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen ;  
Nor yet the sun-flower, that with warrior mien  
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows ;  
But thou, neglected Wall-flower ! to my breast  
And Muse art dearest, mildest, sweetest flower !  
To whom alone the privilege is given  
Proudly to root thyself above the rest,  
As Genius does, and from thy rocky tower  
Lend fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

—*Doubleday.*

---

\* From *Sixty-five Sonnets*, published anonymously in 1818.

## CCCXLI.

## A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

THE more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages ;  
A day to childhood seems a year,\*  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is vapid,  
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,  
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange -yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding,  
When one by one our friends have gone,  
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness ;  
And those of youth a seeming length,  
Proportioned to their sweetness. —*Campbell.*

---

Cf. : ' We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days when we were young,  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now '. — Wordsworth, *To a Butterfly.*

## CCCXLII.

## AMONG MY BOOKS.

My days among the dead are past ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ; \*  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on,  
Through all futurity ;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

—*Southey*.

---

\* See a passage from Southey's *Colloques*, quoted by Professor Dowden in his *Southey*, pp. 106 to 109. Southey writes: 'My library, if reduced to twelve books, would consist of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser and Milton; Jackson, Jeremy Taylor and South, Izaak Walton, Sidney's *Arcadia*, Fuller's *Church History* and Sir Thomas Browne'.

## CCCXLIII.

## SONG.

IF I had thought thou could'st have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou could'st mortal be.  
It never through my mind had past  
That time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou should'st smile no more !  
And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again ;  
And still the thought I will not brook  
That I must look in vain.  
But when I speak thou dost not say,  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary, thou art dead !  
If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold, and all serene—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been !  
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own ;  
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,  
And I am now alone !  
I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me ;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking still of thee :  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore !

—Wolfe.

## CCCXLIV.

## THE ISLES OF GREECE.\*

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet;  
But all, except their sun, is set.  
The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds, which echo further west  
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest'.  
The mountains look on Marathon  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And, musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.  
For, standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.  
A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day;  
And, when the sun set, where were they?  
And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now,  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

---

\* From *Don Juan*, canto iii.

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among a fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
For, what is left the poet here ?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.  
Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?  
Must *we* but blush ? Our fathers bled.  
Earth ! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead !  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ !  
What, silent still ? and silent all ?  
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, ' Let one living head,  
But one, arise,—we come, we come !'  
'Tis but the living who are dumb. . .  
In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,  
How answers each bold Bacchanal !  
You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one ?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave,  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?  
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
We will not think of themes like these !  
It made Anacreon's song divine ;



He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.  
The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades !  
Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.  
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.  
Trust not for freedom to the Franks ;  
They have a king who buys and sells ;  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells ;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.  
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade ;—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
But, gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.  
Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die ;  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine ;  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine ! —*Byron.*

## CCCXLV.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S *HOMER*.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez,\* when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien. —*Keats*.

## CCCXLVI.

THE HUMAN SEASONS. . .

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;  
There are four seasons in the mind of Man ;  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span ;  
He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves  
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
Is nearest unto heaven ; quiet coves  
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
He furleth close ; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness to let fair things  
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forego his mortal nature. —*Ib.*

---

\* Lord Tennyson has noted that it was not Cortez but Balboa.

## CCCXLVII.

## THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.\*

OFt in the stilly night -  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me ;  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken ;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !  
Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me. —*Moore.*

---

\* A Scotch air—from *National Airs*, No. 1.

## CCCXLVIII.

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness !

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme ;

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?

What men or gods are these ? what maidens loth ?

What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?

What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone ;

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;

And happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new ;

More happy love ! more happy, happy love !

For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,

For ever panting and for ever young ;

All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,

A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea-shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.  
O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with breed  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—Keats.

CCCXLIX.

A VENETIAN SUNSET.\*

How beautiful is sunset, when the glow  
Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,  
Thou paradise of exiles, Italy,  
Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the towers,  
Of cities they encircle!—It was ours  
To stand on thee, beholding it; and then,  
Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men  
Were waiting for us with the gondola.

---

\* From *Julian and Maddalo*,—'the most perfect specimen in our language of the poetical treatment of ordinary things'.—W. M. Rossetti.

As those who pause on some delightful way,  
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood  
Looking upon the evening, and the flood  
Which lay between the city and the shore,  
Paved with the image of the sky. The hoar  
And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared,  
Thro' mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared  
Between the east and west ; and half the sky  
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,  
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue  
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent  
Among the many-folded hills. They were  
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,  
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—  
And then, as if the earth and sea had been  
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,  
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
Their very peaks transparent. —*Shelley.*

CCCL.

## ODE TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
    Until they think warm days will never cease ;  
    For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.  
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
    Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
    Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
    Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
    Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers ;  
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
    Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
    Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.  
Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
    Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day  
    And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
    Among the river-sallows, borne aloft  
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;  
    Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft  
    The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
    And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.  
—*Keats.*

CCCLI.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
    Bird thou never wert,  
    That from heaven, or near it,  
    Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.  
In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied \* Joy whose race is just begun.  
The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight ;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,—  
Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.  
All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud [flowed.  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.  
Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,

---

\* Cf. the use of *unbodied* in Waller's lines, page 233.



Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ;  
Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :  
Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from  
the view ;  
Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd  
thieves.  
Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.  
Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine ;  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.  
Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine, would be all

But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.  
What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?  
With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be;  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never come near thee;  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.  
Waking or asleep,  
'Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?  
We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought.  
Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.  
Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now !  
1820. —*Shelley.*

## CCCLII.

## ODE TO THE POETS.

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new ?  
—Yes, and those of heaven commune  
With the spheres of sun and moon ;  
With the noise of fountains wondrous ;  
And the parle of voices thund'rous,  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;  
Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not ;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
But divine melodious truth ;  
Philosophic numbers smooth ;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.  
Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again ;  
And the souls ye left behind you  
Teach us, here, the way to find you,

Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumbered, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week ;  
Of their sorrows and delights ;  
Of their passions and their spites ;  
Of their glory and their shame ;  
What doth strengthen and what maim :—  
Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.  
Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new !

—*Keats.*

## CCCLIII.

STANZAS FROM *DON JUAN*.

'Tis sweet to hear,  
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep ;  
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear,  
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.  
'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;  
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

—*Byron.*

## CCCLIV.

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk ;  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.  
Oh ! for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !  
Oh ! for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stainèd mouth ;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim ;  
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin and dies :  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs ;  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
. Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, [ways.  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.  
Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.  
Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown;

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.  
 Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !  
 Adieu ! the Fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf !  
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream.  
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades ;  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?  
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

—*Keats.*

CCCLV.

BRIGHT STAR.\*

BRIGHT star ! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
 The moving waters at their priest-like task  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.  
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever, or else swoon to death.

—*Ib.*

\* Keats' last sonnet.

## CCCLVI.

FROM *ADONAI* ;

## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

## I.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !

Oh ! weep for Adonais, though our tears

Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !

And thou, sad Hour selected from all years

To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,

And teach them thine own sorrow ! Say : ‘ With me

Died Adonais ! Till the future dares

Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be

An echo and a light unto eternity.’

## 2.

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,

When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies

In Darkness ? Where was lorn Urania

When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,

’Mid listening Echoes, in her paradise

She sat, while one, with soft enamoured breath,

Rekindled all the fading melodies

With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,

He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

## 49.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,

The grave, the city, and the wilderness ;

And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,

And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress

The bones of Desolation’s nakedness,

Pass till the spirit of the spot shall lead

Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,



Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,

## 50.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;  
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
Pavilions the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

## 51.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet  
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
Its charge to each ; and, if the seal is set  
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find  
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind  
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.  
What Adonais is why fear we to become ?

## 52.

The One remains, the many change and pass ;  
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly ;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !  
Follow where all is fled ! Rome's azure sky,  
Flowers, ruins, statues, music,—words are weak  
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

## 53.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart ?  
Thy hopes are gone before ; from all things here  
They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !  
A light is past from the revolving year,  
And man and woman ; and what still is dear  
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.  
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near ;  
'Tis Adonais calls ! Oh ! hasten thither !  
No more let life divide what death can join together.

## 54.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,  
That beauty in which all things work and move,  
That benediction which the eclipsing curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
Which, through the web of being blindly wove  
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

## 55.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.  
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar !  
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

1821.

—*Shelley.*

CCCLVII.

THE DEATH-BED.\*

WE watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.  
So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly move about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.  
Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.  
For when the morn came dim and sad  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

—Hood.

CCCLVIII.

THOSE WE'VE LEFT BEHIND US.†

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

---

\* This refers to a sister of Hood's, and was written when he was about twenty.

† From *Irish Melodies*, No. 7.

When, round the bowl, of vanished years  
We talk with joyous seeming,—  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming ;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
Oh ! sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting ;  
We think how great had been our bliss  
If Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

—*Moore.*

CCCLIX.

SONG.

TO THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight !  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night ?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again ?  
With the joyous and the free  
Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure :—  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,  
And the starry night ;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
Then the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost ;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society

As is quiet, wise, and good ;  
Between thee and me  
What difference ? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee—  
Thou art love and life ! O come,  
Make once more my heart thy home !

—*Shelley.*

CCCLX.

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups—  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh

To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky ;  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy,  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy. —*Hood.*

CCCLXI.

SILENCE.\*

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound ;  
There is a silence where no sound may be ;  
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound ;  
No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground.  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
Though the dun fox, or wild hyæna, calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

—*Ib.*

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\* 'This sonnet ranks among the twelve finest sonnets in the language.'—Sharp.

## CCCLXII.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.\*

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;  
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;  
My censer's breath the mountain airs,  
And silent thoughts my only prayers. †  
My choir shall be the moonlight waves,  
When murmuring homeward to their caves ;  
Or when the stillness of the sea,  
Even more than music, breathes of Thee.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,  
All light and silence, like Thy throne ;  
And the pale stars shall be, at night,  
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,  
Shall be my pure and shining book,  
Where I shall read, in words of flame,  
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack  
That clouds awhile the day-beams track !  
Thy mercy, in the azure hue  
Of sunny brightness breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,  
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,  
But in its light my soul can see  
Some feature of Thy Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace Thy love ;  
And meekly wait that moment, when  
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

—Moore.

\* From *Sacred Songs*, No. 1.—1824.

† Pii orant tacite.



## CCCLXIII.

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
 And Winter, slumbering in the open air,  
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !  
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.  
 Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.  
 Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,  
 For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !  
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll ;  
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?  
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And hope without an object cannot live. —Coleridge.

## CCCLXIV.

## SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet, Critic ; you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honours ; with this key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
 With it Camões soothed an exile's grief ;  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
 His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,  
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains,—alas, too few !  
 —Wordsworth.

## CCCLXV.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move ;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf ;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see !  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)  
Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood !—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live ?*  
The land of honourable death  
Is here :—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

—*Byron.*

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

## SECTION II. (1825-1850).

CCCLXVI.

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !  
To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain  
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
'Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
All independent of the leafy Spring.  
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine.  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

—Wordsworth.

CCCLXVII.

/ MUSIC, MEMORY AND LOVE.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

—Shelley.

## ANGEL HELP.\*

THIS rare tablet doth include  
Poverty with Sanctitude.  
Past midnight this poor Maid hath spun,  
And yet the work is not half done,  
Which must supply from earnings scant  
A feeble bedrid parent's want.  
Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,  
And holy hands take up the task :  
Unseen the rock and spindle ply,  
And do her earthly drudgery.  
Sleep, saintly poor one, sleep, sleep on ;  
And, waking, find thy labour's done.  
Perchance she knows it by her dreams ;  
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,  
Angelic presence testifying,  
That round her everywhere are flying ;  
Ostents from which she may presume  
That much of Heaven is in the room.  
Skirting her own bright hair they run,  
And to the sunny add more sun.  
Now on that aged face they fix,  
Streaming from the crucifix ;  
The flesh-clogged spirit disabusing,  
Death-disarming sleeps infusing,  
Prelibations, foretastes high,  
And equal thoughts to live or die.  
Gardener bright from Eden's bower,  
Tend with care that lily flower ;

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\* Suggested by a drawing in which is represented a poor female who, having spun past midnight, to maintain a bedridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity.

To its leaves and root infuse  
Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dew.  
'Tis a type, and 'tis a pledge,  
Of a crowning privilege.  
Careful as that lily flower,  
This maid must keep her precious dower,  
Live a sainted Maid, or die  
Martyr to virginity.  
Virtuous poor one, sleep, sleep on,  
And waking find your labour's done. —*Lamb.*

## CCCLXIX.

## LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.  
For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so  
Do these upheave the little world below  
Of Education—Patience, Love, and Hope.  
Methinks, I see them grouped in seemly show,  
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,  
And robes that touching as adown they flow,  
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.  
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,  
Love too will sink and die.  
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive  
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;  
And, bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,  
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,  
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;—  
Thus love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.  
Yet haply there will come a weary day,  
When, over-tasked at length,

Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way ;  
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,  
And both supporting does the work of both.

1827.

—Coleridge.

CCCLXX.

NIGHT AND DEATH.\*

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came ;  
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who could find,  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind ?  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?—  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?†

—Blanco White.

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\* Published in the *Byou* (Pickering), 1828.

† 'The finest and most grandly-conceived sonnet in our language; at least it is only in Milton and Wordsworth that I remember any rival.'—Coleridge.

'The exquisite art of this sonnet of Mr. Blanco White's seems to us to exhibit, as in a perfect type, the true rationale of the sonnet. It is not abstract, for it is penetrated throughout with the most vivid sense of vision; it is not merely or chiefly pictorial, for its whole life and meaning are intellectual, an appeal to the highest and subtlest kind of analogy; it is not didactic, for it throbs with the keenest of human feelings, the profound mystery of Death mingled with the instinct of immortality; it is not stagnant—the worst danger of the sonnet—but full of motion, every line advancing you towards the conclusion; . . . and it contrives, as but few sonnets do, to combine the vivid flash of a surprise with the stately movement of an intellectual train of thought.'—*The Spectator*, Dec. 20, 1873.

## CCCLXXI.

FROM THE *ANCIENT MANSION*.\*

'COME, lead me, lassie, to the shade  
Where willows grow beside the brook ;  
For well I know the sound it made,  
When dashing o'er the stony rill,  
It murmured to St. Osyth's mill.'  
The lass replied :—' The trees are fled,  
They've cut the brook a straighter bed ;  
No shades the present lords allow,  
The miller only murmurs now,  
The waters now his mill forsake,  
And form a pond they call a lake '  
'Then, lass, thy grandsire's footsteps guide  
To Bulmer's Tree, the giant oak,  
Whose boughs the keeper's cottage hide,  
And part the church-way lane o'erlook.  
A boy, I climbed the topmost bough,  
And I would feel its shadow now.  
Or, lassie, lead me to the west,  
Where grew the elm trees thick and tall,  
Where rooks unnumbered build their nest,—  
Deliberate birds, and prudent all ;  
Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,  
But they're a social multitude.'  
'The rooks are shot, the trees are felled,  
And nest and nursery all expelled ;  
With better fate the giant tree,  
Old Bulmer's Oak, is gone to sea.'  
'Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,  
And to the holy water bring ;

\* From *Posthumous Tales*, edited by Crabbe's sons in 1834.



A cup is fastened to the stone,  
And I would taste the healing spring,  
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,  
And green its mossy passage makes.'

'The holy spring is turned aside,  
The arch is gone, the stream is dried;  
The plough has levelled all around,  
And here is now no holy ground.'

'O then, my lassie, lead the way  
To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn;  
That something holds, if we can pay,—  
Old David is our living kin;  
A servant once, he still preserves  
His name, and in his office serves.'

'Alas! that mine should be the fate  
Old David's sorrows to relate;  
But they w<sup>e</sup>re brief; not long before  
He died, his office was no more,  
The kennel stands upon the ground,  
With something of the former sound!'

'O then,' the grieving man replied,  
'No farther, lassie, let me stray;  
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,  
Of what was grand, of what was gay;  
But all is changed, is lost, is sold,  
All, all that's left, is chilling cold,  
I seek for comfort here in vain,  
Then lead me to my cot again!'

\* —Crabbe.

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\* This piece is very similar to Southey's *Old Mansion-house*, a dialogue between a 'Stranger' and an 'Old Man,' the latter bewailing the changes that have taken place since he was a boy.

## CCCLXXII.

ON AN ANTIQUE GEM BEARING THE HEADS OF  
PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land,  
When Athens was the land of fame;  
This was the light that led the band,  
When each was like a living flame;  
The centre of earth's noblest ring—  
Of more than men the more than king!  
Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,  
His sovereignty was held or won;  
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,  
Loved—but as freemen love alone,  
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind  
By Nature's first great title—mind!  
Resistless words were on his tongue—  
Then Eloquence first flashed below;  
Full armed to life the portent sprung—  
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!  
And his the sole, the sacred hand  
That shook her ægis o'er the land.  
And throned immortal by his side,  
A woman sits with eye sublime,—  
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride.  
But, if their solemn love were crime,  
Pity the Beauty and the Sage,—  
Their crime was in their darkened age.  
He perished, but his wreath was won,—  
He perished in his height of fame;  
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,  
Yet still she conquered in his name.  
Filled with his soul, she could not die;  
Her conquest was posterity. —*Croly.*

## CCCLXXIII.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM  
ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height ;  
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain  
 For kindred Power, departing from their sight ;  
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,  
 Saddens his voice again and yet again.  
 Lift up your hearts, ye mourners ! for the might  
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;  
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,  
 Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,  
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
 Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope !

1831.

—*Wordsworth.*

## CCCLXXIV.

## A RETROSPECT.

LONG time a child, and still a child, when years  
 Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I ;  
 For yet I lived like one not born to die ;  
 A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,  
 No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.  
 But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep ; and waking  
 I waked to sleep no more ; at once o'ertaking  
 The vanguard of my age, with all arrears  
 Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,  
 Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,  
 For I have lost the race I never ran ;  
 A rathe December blights my lagging May ;  
 And still I am a child, though I be old ;  
 Time is my debtor for my years untold.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

## CCCLXXV.

## VAN ARTEVELDE'S LAMENT FOR JOHN OF LAUNOY.

I NEVER looked that he should live so long,  
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,  
He seemed to live by miracle; his food  
Was glory, which was poison to his mind  
And peril to his body. He was one  
Of many thousand such that die betimes,  
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.  
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,  
And he's a prodigy. Weigh chance with chance,  
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times  
Who wins the race of glory, but than him  
A thousand men more gloriously endowed  
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand more  
Have had their fortunes by haphazard wrecked  
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add  
A smaller tally, of the singular few  
Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.  
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

## CCCLXXVI.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF  
JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer, (a)  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow, (b)  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes ;

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge (c)  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth ;  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,\*  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth. (d)

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
' Who next will drop and disappear ? '

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-looking,  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

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(a) Sir W. Scott died 21st Sept., 1832. (b) Hogg died 21st Nov., 1835. (c) S. T. Coleridge died 25th July, 1834. (d) Lamb died 27th Dec., 1834.

\* Lamb, in his sonnet on the *Family Name*, writes :—

' Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,  
No deed of mine shall shame thee, *gentle* name ! '

As if but yesterday departed,  
 Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
 O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
 Should frail survivors heave a sigh ? (e)  
 Mourn rather for that holy spirit,  
 Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
 For her who, ere her summer faded,  
 Has sunk into a breathless sleep. (f)  
 No more of old romantic sorrows,  
 For slaughtered Youth or lovelorn Maid !  
 With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
 And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.

—Wordsworth.

CCCLXXVII.

TO SOUTHEY.

THE dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round,  
 But closes at the bottom of the room,  
 Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,  
 Where the weary sit them down,  
 And Beauty, too, unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.  
 We hurry to the river we must cross,  
 And swifter downward every footstep wends ;  
 Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss  
 Of half their faculties and half their friends.

—Landor.

CCCLXXVIII.

THE STREAM THAT HURRIES BY.\*

THE stream that hurries by yon fixed shore  
 Returns no more ;  
 The wind that dries at morn yon dewy lawn  
 Breathes, and is gone ;

(e) Crabbe died 3rd Feb., 1832. (f) Mrs. Hemans died 16th May, 1835.

\* These verses were first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1870.

Those withered flowers to summer's ripening glow  
No more shall blow ;  
Those fallen leaves that strew yon garden bed  
For aye are dead.

Of laugh, of jest, of mirth, of pleasure past,  
Nothing shall last ;  
On shore, on sea, on hill, on vale, on plain,  
Nought shall remain ;  
Of all for which poor mortals vainly mourn,  
Nought shall return ;  
Life hath his hour in heaven and earth beneath,  
And so hath Death.

Not all the chains that clank in Eastern clime  
Can fetter Time ;  
For all the phials in the doctor's store  
Youth comes no more ;  
No drug on Age's wrinkled cheek renews  
Life's early hues ;  
Not all the tears by pious mourners shed  
Can wake the dead.

For all Spring gives, and Winter takes again,  
We grieve in vain ;  
Vainly for sunshine fled, and joys gone by,  
We heave the sigh ;  
On, ever on, with unexhausted breath,  
Time hastes to Death ;  
Even with each word we speak, a moment flies,  
Is born, and dies.

If thus, through lesser Nature's empire wide  
Nothing abide,—  
If wind, and wave, and leaf, and sun, and flower

Have each their hour,  
He walks on ice whose dallying spirit clings  
To earthly things ;  
And he alone is wise whose well-taught love  
Is fixed above.

Truths firm as bright, but oft to mortal ear  
Chilling and drear,  
Harsh as the raven's croak the sounds that tell  
Of pleasure's knell ;  
Pray, reader, that at least the minstrel's strain  
Not all be vain ;  
And, when thou bend'st to God the suppliant knee,  
Remember me !

—*Gerald Griffin.*

Pallas, Oct. 10, 1836.

CCCLXXIX.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild flowers who will stoop to number ?  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy fame is proud to win them ;  
Alas, for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them !

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their heart's sad story ;  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory !



Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break, and give no sign,  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,  
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses;  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—*Holmes.*

CCCLXXX.

THE QUEEN.\*

Joy to the Queen Victoria!  
Be the Sun of her life serene!  
May the Heaven that bendeth over her  
Shed joy on the Island Queen.

Joy to the threefold Nation!  
Peace to her valleys green!  
But if war should come, then Victory  
Be Thou the Nation's Queen.

Be her heart like the Oaks of England,  
And her eyes like the azure sheen!  
And in calm or storm, Victoria!  
Be ever the People's Queen!

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\* Written at the Queen's accession: first published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1874.

## CCCLXXXI.

## FUIMUS—WE WERE.

Go to the once-loved bowers,  
Wreath blushing roses for the lady's hair,  
Winter has been upon the leaves and flowers,—  
They were !

Look for the domes of kings ;  
Lo, the owl's fortress, or the tiger's lair !  
Oblivion sits beside them ; mockery sings—  
They were !

Waken the minstrel's lute ;  
Bid the smooth pleader charm the listening ear ;  
The chords are broken, and the lips are mute ;—  
They were !

Visit the great and brave ;  
Worship the witcheries of the bright and fair ;  
Is not thy foot upon a new-made grave ?—  
They were !

Speak to thine heart, prove  
The secrets of thy nature. What is there ?  
Wild hopes, warm fancies, fervent faith, fond love,—  
They were !

We too, we too must fall ;  
A few brief years to labour and to bear ;  
Then comes the sexton and the old trite tale,—  
' We were ! '

—*Praed.*

## CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May  
 Was kissing up the April showers,  
 I saw fair Childhood hard at play  
 Upon a bank of blushing flowers ;  
 Happy,—he knew not whence or how ;  
 And smiling,—who could choose but love him ?  
 For not more glad than Childhood's brow,  
 Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,  
 That valley's green repose invaded ;  
 The brooks grew dry upon his path,  
 The birds were mute, the lilies faded ;  
 But Time so swiftly winged his flight,  
 In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,  
 That Childhood watched his paper kite,  
 And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye,  
 Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,  
 But Childhood's glance of purity  
 Had such a holy spell within it,  
 That the dark demon to the air  
 Spread forth again his baffled pinion,  
 And hid his envy and despair,  
 Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,  
 Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,  
 And proffered him a fearful cup,  
 Full to the brim of bitter water ;

Poor Childhood bade her tell her name,  
And when the beldame muttered 'Sorrow,'  
He said, -- 'Don't interrupt my game ;  
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow'.

The Muse of Pindus thither came,  
And wooed him with the softest numbers  
That ever scattered wealth and fame  
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers ;  
Though sweet the music of the lay,  
To Childhood it was all a riddle,  
And 'Oh,' he cried, 'do send away  
That noisy woman with the fiddle'.

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,  
And taught him, with most sage endeavour,  
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,  
And why no toy may last for ever ;  
She talked of all the wondrous laws  
Which Nature's open book discloses,  
And Childhood, ere she made the pause,  
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, Sleep on !—Oh ! Manhood's dreams  
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,  
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,  
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure ;  
But to the couch where Childhood lies  
A more delicious trance is given,  
Lit up by rays from Seraph-eyes,  
And glimpses of remembered heaven !

## TO THE POET

COME, Poet, come !  
A thousand labourers ply their task,  
And what it tends to scarcely ask,  
And trembling thinkers on the brink  
Shiver, and know not how to think.  
To tell the purport of their pain,  
And what our silly joys contain ;  
In lasting lineaments portray  
The substance of the shadowy day ;  
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,  
And make our meaning clear in verse.

Come, Poet, come ! for but in vain  
We do the work or feel the pain,  
And gather up the seeming gain,  
Unless before the end thou come  
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come !  
To give an utterance to the dumb,  
And make vain babblers silent, come ;  
A thousand dupes point here and there,  
Bewildered by the show and glare ;  
And wise men half have learned to doubt  
Whether we are not best without.  
Come, Poet, both but wait to see  
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come !  
In vain I seem to call. And yet  
Think not the living times forget  
Ages of heroes fought and fell  
That Homer in the end might tell ;

O'er grovelling generations past  
Upstood the Doric fane at last ;  
And countless hearts on countless years  
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,  
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears ;  
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome  
The pure perfection of her dome.  
Others, I doubt not, if not we,  
The issue of our toils shall see ;  
Young children gather as their own  
The harvest that the dead had sown,  
The dead forgotten and unknown. — *Clough*.

## CCCLXXXIV.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN ?

WOULD you be young again ?

So would not I. --

One tear to memory given,

Onward I'd hie.

Life's dark flood forded o'er,

All but at rest on shore,

Say, would you plunge once more,

With home so nigh ?

If you might, would you now

Retrace your way ?

Wander through thorny wilds,

Faint and astray ?

Night's gloomy watches fled,

Morning all beaming red,

Hope's smiles around us shed,

Heavenward—away ?

Where are they gone, of yore

My best delight,

Dear and more dear, though now  
Hidden from sight?  
Where they rejoice to be,  
There is the land for me;  
Fly time, fly speedily,  
Come life and light!  
1843.

—*Lady Nairne.*

CCCXXXLV.

CHARITIE.\*

THE beams of morning are renewed,  
The valley laughs their light to see;  
And earth is bright with gratitude,  
And heaven with Charitie.

Oh! dew of heaven; oh! light of earth,  
Fain would our hearts be filled with thee,  
Because nor darkness comes, nor death  
About the home of Charitie.

God guides the stars their wandering way,  
He seems to cast their courses free,  
But binds unto Himself for aye,  
And all their chains are Charitie.

When first He stretched the signèd zone,  
And heaped the hills, and barred the sea,  
Then Wisdom sat beside His throne,  
But His own word was Charitie.

And still through every age and hour,  
Of things that were and things that be,  
Are breathed the presence and the power  
Of everlasting Charitie.

---

\* This first appeared in a small volume of poems published in 1843 for private circulation. Mr. Ruskin obtained the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1839.

By noon and night, by sun and shower,  
By dews that fall and winds that flee,  
On grove and field, on fold and flower  
Is shed the peace of Charitie.

The violets light the lonely hill,  
The fruitful furrows load the lea ;  
Man's heart alone is sterile still,  
For lack of lowly Charitie.

He walks a weary vale within,  
No lamp of love in heart hath he ;  
His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,  
For lack of gentle Charitie.

Daughter of heaven ! we dare not lift  
The dimness of our eyes to thee ;  
Oh ! pure and God-descended gift,  
Oh ! spotless perfect Charitie.

Yet forasmuch thy brow is crossed  
With blood-drops from the deathful tree,  
We take thee for our only trust,  
Oh ! dying Charitie.

Ah Hope, Endurance, Faith, ye fail like death,  
But Love an everlasting crown receiveth,  
For she is Hope, and Fortitude, and Faith,  
Who all things hopeth, beareth, and believeth.

—*Ruskin.*

CCCLXXXVI.

A BLESSING FOR EVE.

*Adam.*            Raise the majesties  
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well belovèd,  
And front with level eyelids the To-come,  
And all the dark o' the world. . . .



Henceforward, woman, rise  
To thy peculiar and best altitudes  
Of doing good and of enduring ill,—  
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,  
And reconciling all that ill and good,  
Unto the patience of a constant hope,—  
Rise with thy daughters ! If sin came by thee,  
And by sin, death,—the ransom-righteousness,  
The heavenly life and compensative rest,  
Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee  
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth  
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve,  
Found acceptable to the world instead  
Of others of that name, of whose bright steps  
Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied ;  
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood,  
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin,—  
Some pang paid down for each new human life,  
Some weariness in guarding such a life,  
Some coldness from the guarded ; some mistrust  
From those thou hast too well served ; from those  
beloved  
Too loyally some treason ; feebleness  
Within thy heart, and cruelty without,  
And pressures of an alien tyranny  
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones  
And stronger sinews. But, go to ! Thy love  
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,  
After its own life-working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad ;  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich ;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong ;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Mrs. Browning, The Drama of Exile.*

## CCCI.XXXVII.

## THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this  
‘He giveth His beloved, sleep’?

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep;  
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
‘He giveth His beloved, sleep’.

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith, all undisproved;  
A little dust to overweep;  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake;  
‘He giveth His beloved, sleep’.

‘Sleep soft, beloved!’ we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
‘He giveth His beloved, sleep’.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wallers' heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And ‘giveth His beloved, sleep’.

His dews drop mutely on the hill ;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
    Though on its slope men sow and reap ,  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
    ‘ He giveth His belovèd, sleep ’.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
    Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;  
But angels say—and through the word  
I think their happy smile is *heard*—  
    ‘ He giveth His belovèd, sleep ’.

For me, my heart, that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
    That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
    Who ‘ giveth His belovèd, sleep ’.

And friends !—dear friends—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
    And round my bier ye come to weep,—  
Let One, most loving of you all,  
Say, ‘ Not a tear must o’er her fall—  
    “ He giveth His belovèd, sleep ” ’.—*Mrs. Browning.*

CCCLXXXVIII.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's  
    decaying,  
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their  
    praying ;

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence  
languish,  
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she  
gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the  
deathless singing;  
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand  
was clinging;  
O men! this man, in brotherhood your weary paths  
beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died  
while ye were smiling.

And now what time ye all may read through dim-  
ming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the  
glory;  
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wan-  
dering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,  
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker  
adoration;  
Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good  
forsaken;  
Named softly as the household name of one whom God  
hath taken!

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon  
him;  
With meekness that is gratefulness to God, whose  
heaven hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love  
to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird  
could find him.

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick  
poetic senses  
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious in-  
fluences!  
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its  
number;  
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like  
a slumber.

Wild, timid hares were drawn from woods to share his  
home caresses,  
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tender-  
nesses;  
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's  
ways removing,  
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and  
loving!

And though in blindness he remained unconscious of  
that guiding,  
And things provided came without the sweet sense of  
providing,  
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated,  
Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst  
she blesses,  
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her  
kisses—

That turns his fevered eyes around—' My mother!  
where's my mother ? ' --

As if such tender words and deeds could come from  
any other ! -

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bend-  
ing o'er him, -

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love  
she bore him ! —

Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's long  
fever gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in  
death to save him.

' Thus ? oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth could image that  
awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of scraps, round  
him breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body  
parted,

But felt those eyes alone, and knew — ' My Saviour !  
*not* deserted ! '

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when the cross in  
darkness rested,

Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was mani-  
fested ?

What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning  
drops averted ?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one*  
should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from His own essence  
rather ;

And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous  
Son and Father.

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath shaken—

It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!

That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar  
not hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in  
a vision.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

CCCLXXXIX.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD.

WHAT's the best thing in the world?  
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;  
Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;  
Truth, not cruel to a friend;  
Pleasure, not in haste to end;  
Beauty, not self-decked and curled  
Till its pride is over-plain;  
Light, that never makes you wink;  
Memory, that gives no pain,  
Love, when, *so* you're loved again.  
What's the best thing in the world?  
—Something out of it, I think.

CCCXC.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

ROYAL and saintly Cashel! I would gaze  
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers  
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,  
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,

But at the close of dim autumnal days,  
When the sun's parting glance, through slanting  
showers,  
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers  
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's  
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,  
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless  
aisles  
A melancholy moral, such as sinks  
On the lone traveller's heart, amid the piles  
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,  
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.  
1842. —*Sir Aubrey de Vere.*

## CCCXCI.

## CHILDREN OF THE MAY.\*

HEarken, children of the May,  
Now in your glad hour and gay,  
Ye whom all good Angels greet  
With their treasure blithe and sweet :—  
None of all the wreaths ye prize  
But was nursed by weeping skies.  
Keen March winds, soft April showers,  
Braced the roots, embalmed the flowers.  
So if e'er that second spring  
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,  
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,  
Must the way of bliss prepare.  
How should else Earth's flowerets prove  
Meet for those pure crowns above ?  
1846. —*Keble.*

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\* From *May Garlands* in *Lyra Innocentium*.



## CCCXCII.

TO MY DEAR SON ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY  
WITH A SILVER LAMP.*'Fiat Lux.'*

How shall I bless thee ? Human Love  
Is all too poor in passionate words !  
The heart aches with a sense above  
All language that the lip affords !  
Therefore, a symbol shall express  
My love ;—a thing nor rare nor strange,  
But yet—eternal—measureless—  
Knowing no shadow and no change !  
Light ! which of all the lovely shows  
To our poor world of shadows given,  
The fervent Prophet-voices chose  
Alone—as attribute of Heaven !

At a most solemn pause we stand !  
From this day forth, for evermore,  
The weak, but loving, human hand  
✓ Must cease to guide thee as of yore !  
Then, as through life thy footsteps stray  
And earthly beacons dimly shine,  
'Let there be Light' upon thy way,  
And holier guidance far than mine.  
'Let there be Light' in thy clear soul,  
When Passion tempts, or Doubts assail,  
When Grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll  
'Let there be Light' that shall not fail !

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\* The Marquis of Dufferin, late Governor-General of India.

So-- angel-guarded - mayest thou tread  
The narrow path, which few may find;  
And at the end look back, not dread  
To count the vanished years behind!  
And pray, that she, whose hand doth trace  
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,  
May see and know thy blessed face  
In God's own glorious Light at last!  
—Lady Dufferin.

June 21, 1847.

CCCXCIII.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.\*

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May —  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May—  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

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\* First published in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers, that dead or dying,  
All the winter lay.  
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May—  
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows ;  
Where in laughing and in sobbing,  
Glide the streams away.  
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May ;  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—  
Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings—  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,  
Life still ebbs away—  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May! —*D. F. MacCarthy.*

CCCXCIV.

TO THE POET.

THOU, who wouldst wear the name  
Of poet 'mid thy brethren of mankind,  
And clothe in words of flame

Thoughts that shall live within the general mind,  
Deem not the framing of a deathless lay  
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy powers,  
And wreak them on the verse that thou dost weave,  
And, in thy lonely hours,  
At silent morning or at wakeful eve,  
While the warm current tingles through thy veins,  
Set forth the burning words in fluent strains.

No smooth array of phrase,  
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,  
Which the cold rhymers lays  
Upon his page with languid industry,  
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,  
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.

The secret wouldst thou know  
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?  
Let thine own eyes o'erflow,  
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;  
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,  
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then, should thy verse appear  
Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,  
Touch the crude line with fear,  
Save in the moment of impassioned thought;  
Then summon back the original glow, and mend  
The strain with rapture that with fire was penned.

Yet let no empty gust  
Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,

A blast that whirls the dust  
Along the howling street and dies away ;  
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,  
Like currents journeying through the windless deep.

Seekest thou, in living lays,  
To limn the beauty of the earth and sky ?  
Before thine inner gaze  
Let all that beauty in clear vision lie ;  
Look on it with exceeding love, and write  
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

Of tempests wouldst thou sing,  
Or tell of battles,—make thyself a part  
Of the great tumult ; cling  
To the tossed wreck with terror in thy heart ;  
Scale, with the assaulting host, the rampart's height,  
And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shalt thou frame a lay  
That haply may endure from age to age,  
And they who read shall say  
What witchery hangs upon the poet's page !  
What art is his the written spells to find  
That sway from mood to mood the willing mind !  
—Bryant.

CCCXCV.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depths and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ✓  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death. ✓  
1850. —Mrs. Browning.

## CCCXCVI.

## THE SINGERS.

God sent His Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to Heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre;  
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three  
Disputed which the best might be ;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, ' See  
No best in kind, but in degree ;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

' These are the three great chords of might,  
' And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony.'

— *Longfellow.*

## CCCXCVII.

## WELLINGTON.

Not only that thy puissant arm could bind  
The tyrant of a world ; and, conquering Fate,  
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great ;  
But that in all thy actions I do find  
Exact propriety ; no gusts of mind  
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state  
Of ordered impulse mariners await  
In some benignant and enriching wind,—  
The breath ordained of Nature. Thy calm mien  
Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed ;  
Duty thine only idol, and serene

When all are troubled ; in the utmost need  
Prescient ; thy country's servant ever seen,  
Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed.  
—*Disraeli.*

## CCCXCVIII.

## SHAKSPERE.

OTHERS abide our question—Thou art free !  
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge ! So some sovran hill  
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,  
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spares but the border, often, of his base  
To the foiled searching of mortality ;  
And thou, whose head did stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,  
Didst walk on earth unguessed at. —Better so !  
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow  
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.  
—*M. Arnold.*

## CCCXCIX.

## FROM SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

BUT the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,  
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,  
Under the solitary moon ;—he flowed  
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,



Bringing, and bright, and large; then sands begin  
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
And split his currents; that for many a league  
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along  
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—  
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,  
A foiled, circuitous wanderer—till at last  
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide  
His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars  
Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.

—*M. Arnold.*

THE END.